

## CARTOONS Opus 1



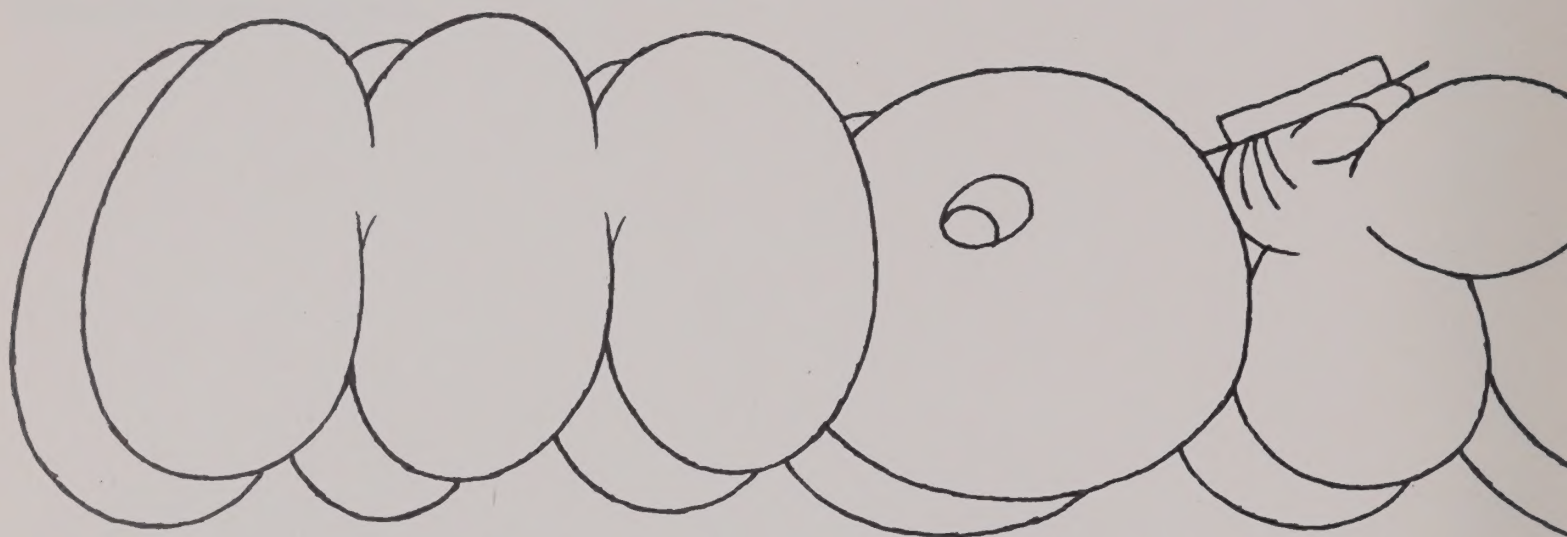
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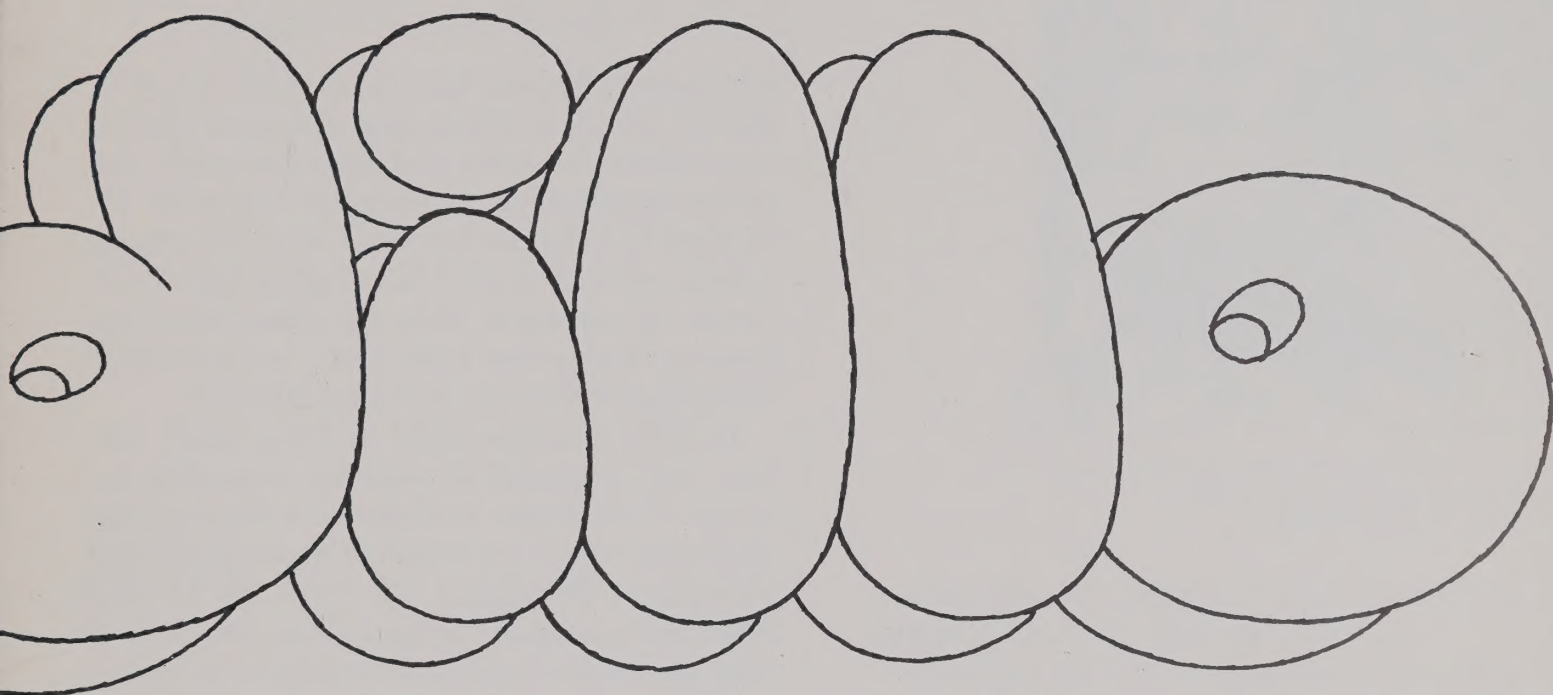
For Humberto Andreacchio



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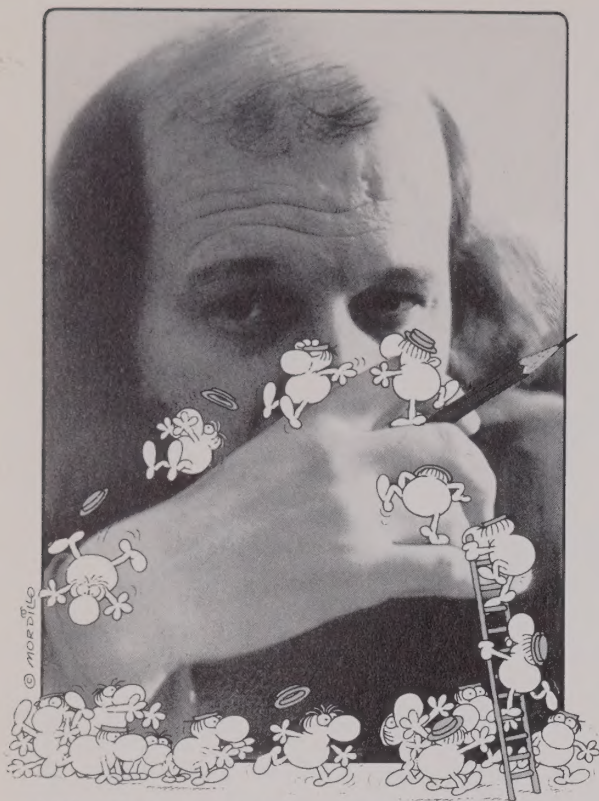
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# CARTOONS Opus 1

**Hutchinson**

London Melbourne Sydney Auckland Johannesburg



'When God had created the world, he made man and woman. Then, to keep the whole thing from foundering, he invented humour.'

G.M.



was born in Buenos Aires on October 4th 1932. He left school at fifteen, and was soon illustrating children's books and greetings cards and doing drawings for animated cartoon films. He worked in Lima for five years in an advertising agency and then in 1960 he moved to New York, where he animated films for Paramount, including Popeye and Little Lulu, and continued to produce humorous cards and calendars.

In 1963 Mordillo sailed to Paris, and it was here that he started drawing his inimitable cartoons: *Paris Match* published the first in 1966. Since then they have appeared in magazines and newspapers throughout the world. He has also continued to make cartoon films, which have been shown on French and German television.

1970 saw the publication of Mordillo's first book, *The Galleon*, a wordless picture book about a pirate ship. This was followed by *Crazy Cowboy* and *Crazy Crazy, Jungle Life*, all published by Hutchinson, and many others. His work now appears in magazines, newspapers, books, films, calendars, cards, jigsaw puzzles, wrapping paper, posters – throughout Europe and America, and from Russia to Hong Kong.

Mordillo has received many awards over the last few years, among them the Silver Medal of the Fifth International Biennale of Humorous Artists, Tolentino, Italy 1967; the Prix Loisirs Jeunes, Paris 1970; the Premio Critici in Erba, Bologna, Italy 1970; the Silver Medal of the First International Festival of Humorous Artists in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia 1972; the Prix Phénix for Humour, 1973; the Medal of the Argentinian Artists' Association, 1974; the Nakamori Prize for *Crazy Cowboy*, Japan 1977; nomination as the best artist of the year by the international 'Salon de l'Humour', Montreal, Canada 1977.



It is paradoxical to try and give a verbal description of Mordillo and his work, since his great strength and declared ambition is to create a form of humour that will be understood all over the world simply by means of the ideas and the expressive power of its pictures, without any need for words. The selection of cartoons in this volume shows how well he has succeeded.

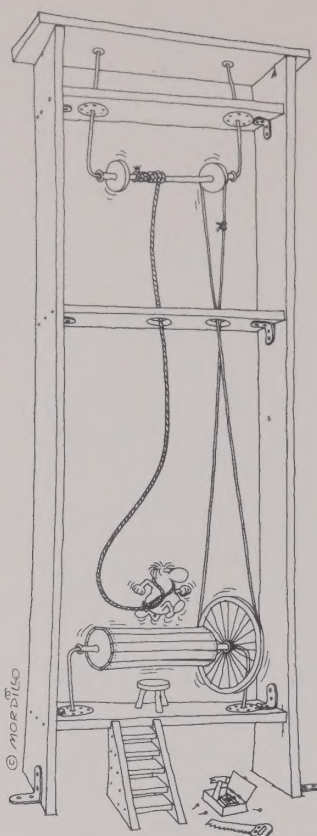
When you think that, according to scientific estimates, it will be about two thousand years before the inhabitants of our world can communicate with each other in any kind of common world language (always supposing our amazing intelligence has not led us to blow ourselves to bits first), and when you think, too, that a common language is about our only chance of learning to live together more happily and peacefully, Mordillo's achievement is considerable: he tells stories to people all over the world,

stories they can understand whatever their race, origin, philosophy of life or education.

Mordillo has lived and worked as an artist in many different countries, and has discovered for himself how hard it is for people to communicate with each other in the face of the Babel-like confusion of speech and thought in our time. This experience is reflected in his cartoons and pictures for us all to see.

Mordillo's stories and pictures, his human characters, his animals and imaginary creatures, with their round and often farcical figures and their eloquent noses, are loved and understood by young and old everywhere – by the children of this world between five and eighty years old, and of all races and theologies.

However, Mordillo's humour is by no means simple or even naive, despite the cheerful, light-hearted effect of his stories and his use of line and colour. He is funny, but there is wisdom and subtlety in his humour. His characters, as he says himself, are distinguished less for courage than for a nonconformist urge not to accept the *status quo*, to make the impossible possible, to come to conclusions where many



*Humour is the politeness of despair.*

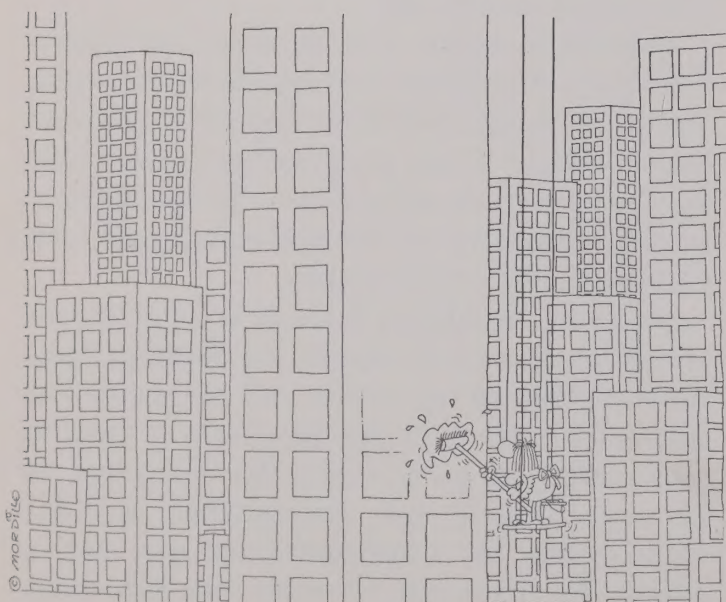
would give up in despair. He provides solutions which are logical but impossible, combines the conceivable with the inconceivable, cool reason with plain feeling, and again and again he returns to his own fixed point amidst the general confusion, the all too human element in human nature.

Confidently, and with a light touch, Mordillo designs his world according to his own plans and ideas. He makes a few alterations to what we generally take for reality – objects, men and women, and also animals and divine beings. He sees it as perfectly possible for God to impart enlightenment to a shipwrecked mariner on a lonely raft in the sea by means of an electric light bulb. He will make Father Christmas turn up at Easter. Equally readily and equally well, he depicts human adventures, human hopes and fears, with remarkable simplicity and lucidity, yet in his own inimitable manner.

In his own world, Mordillo makes his own laws. Is it a world to itself, a totally imaginary world, or does it reflect the real world?

Well, let us pass over this vital question – other great minds have been unable to solve it! – and say that, in any case, Mordillo's world *is* a real and absolute world in itself, its laws happily accepted by a large, and ever-growing, band of devoted readers.

Mordillo found his style, his own artistic and intellectual line, relatively late. He was in his early thirties when he came to Paris from his



*A nonconformist urge not to accept the status quo.*

native Argentina, by way of Peru and New York, and developed into the Mordillo the world knows today. One might think he had every reason to be pleased with himself, since few artists achieve near world-wide success within only a few years. But even today Mordillo is still a seeker, an experimenter, always hoping to improve on a picture or drawing next time. A surprising quality, but one that confirms the old saying that a true master never stops learning.

The cartoons on the following pages are a mixture of the subtle, the clear and the obscure, of nonsense and profundity, half-comic and half-serious – in short, this is Mordillo's own special style of humour.

Asked how he himself would define humour, Mordillo once said, 'Humour is the politeness of despair, as Boris Vian put it, and I couldn't describe it more aptly myself.' And, 'I draw cartoons because I am afraid. Humour is the tender side of fear.'

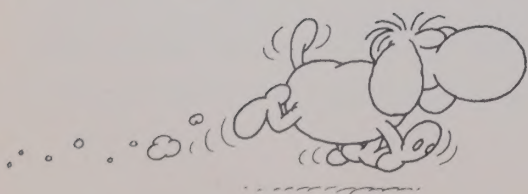
But he also says, 'Mankind always believes in the future, against all the odds, and that, to me, is where the strength of humanity lies. It is the source of our persistence and our abilities. It

gives us the power to be creative and to survive.' And that, to my mind, is the humorist's true cheerfulness, which warms the heart, enlightens the brain, and kindles beacons along the way of serio-comic self-knowledge.

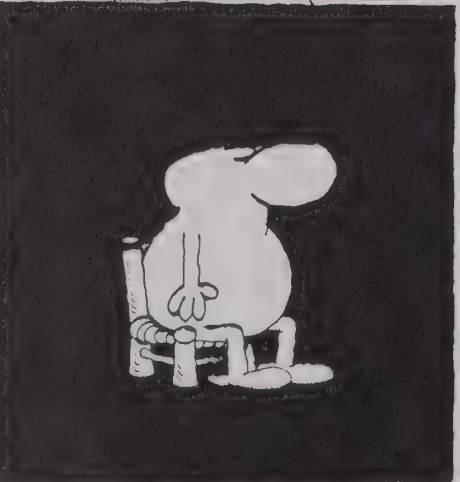
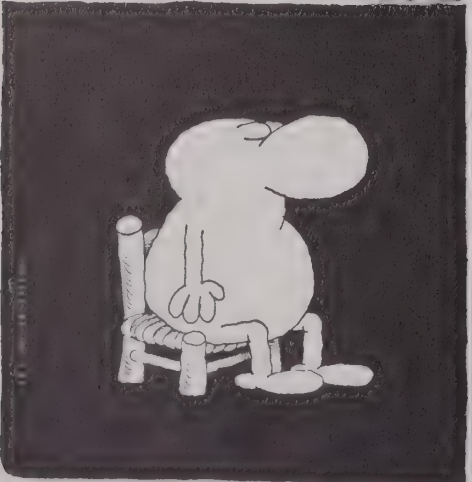
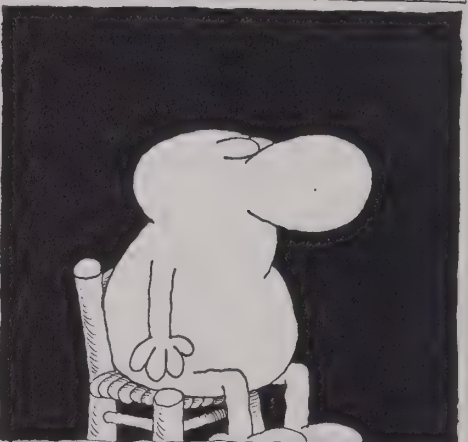
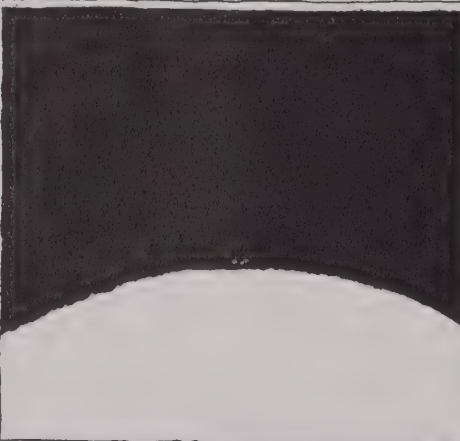
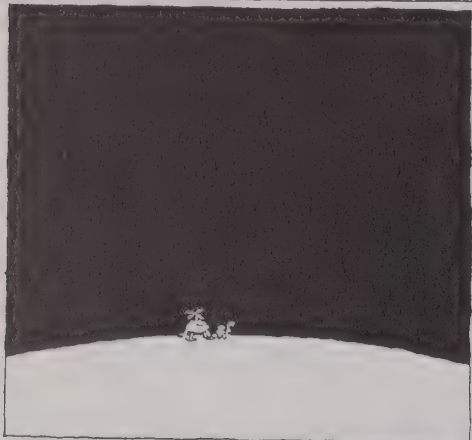
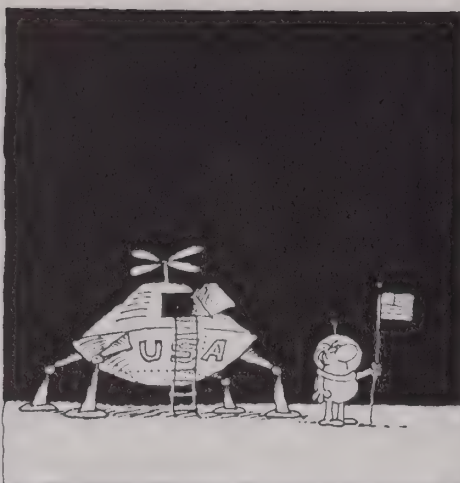
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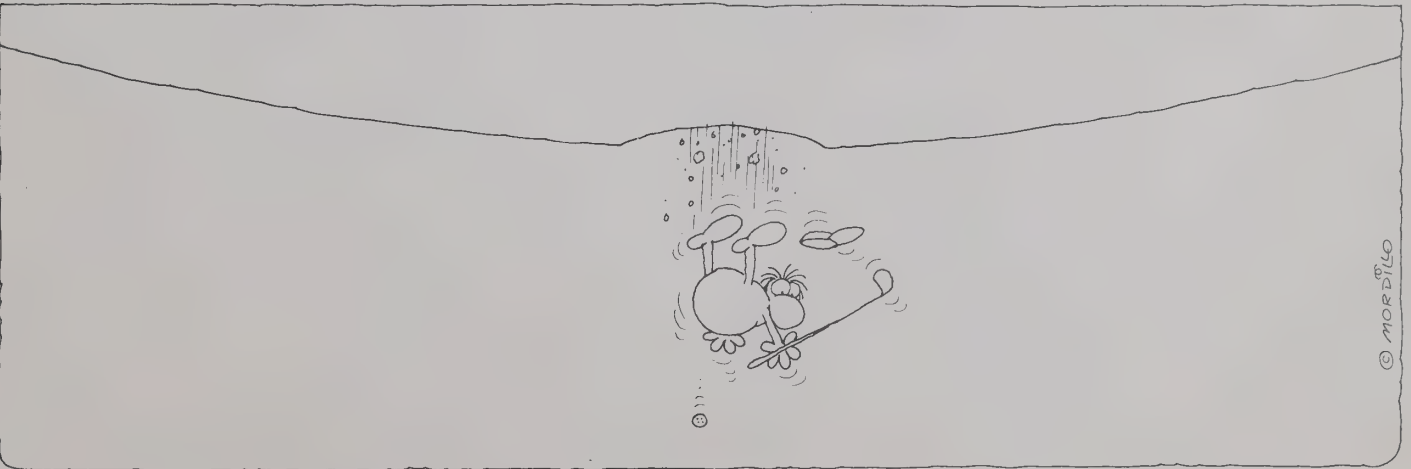
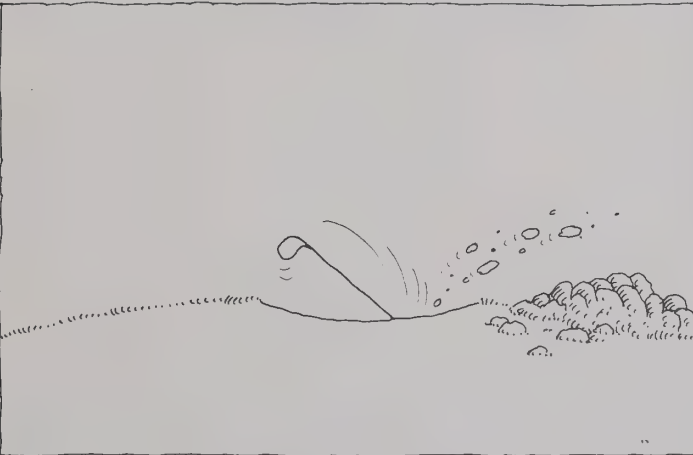
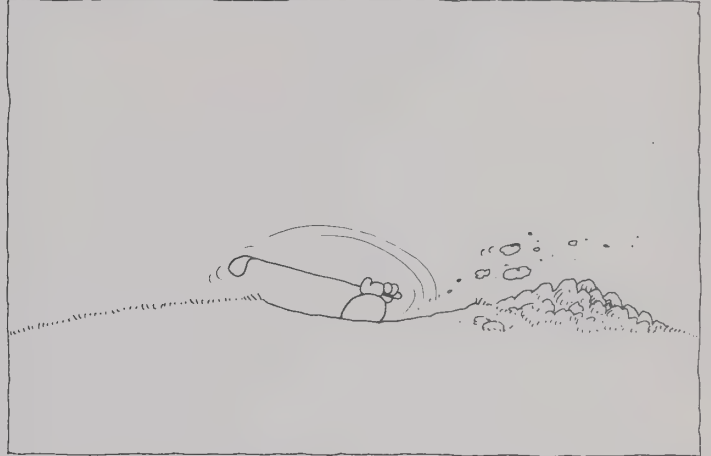
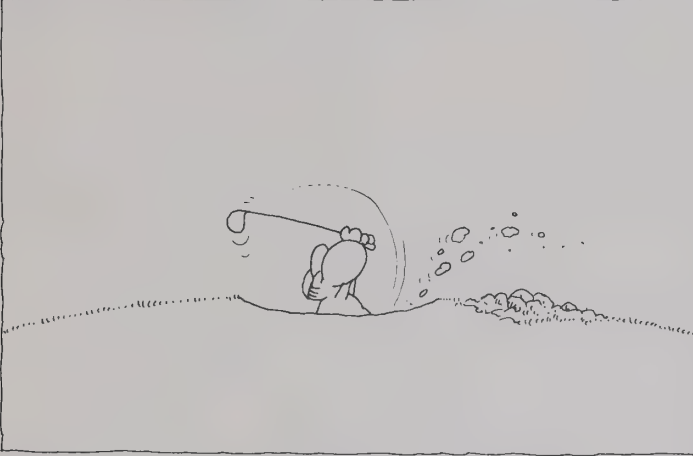
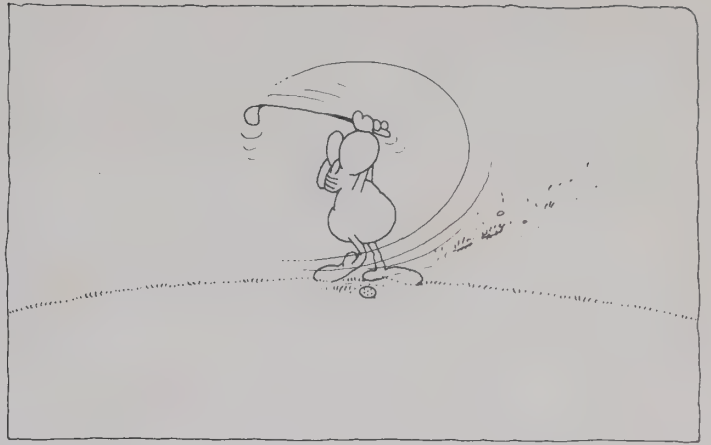


*Mankind always believes in the future, against all the odds.*

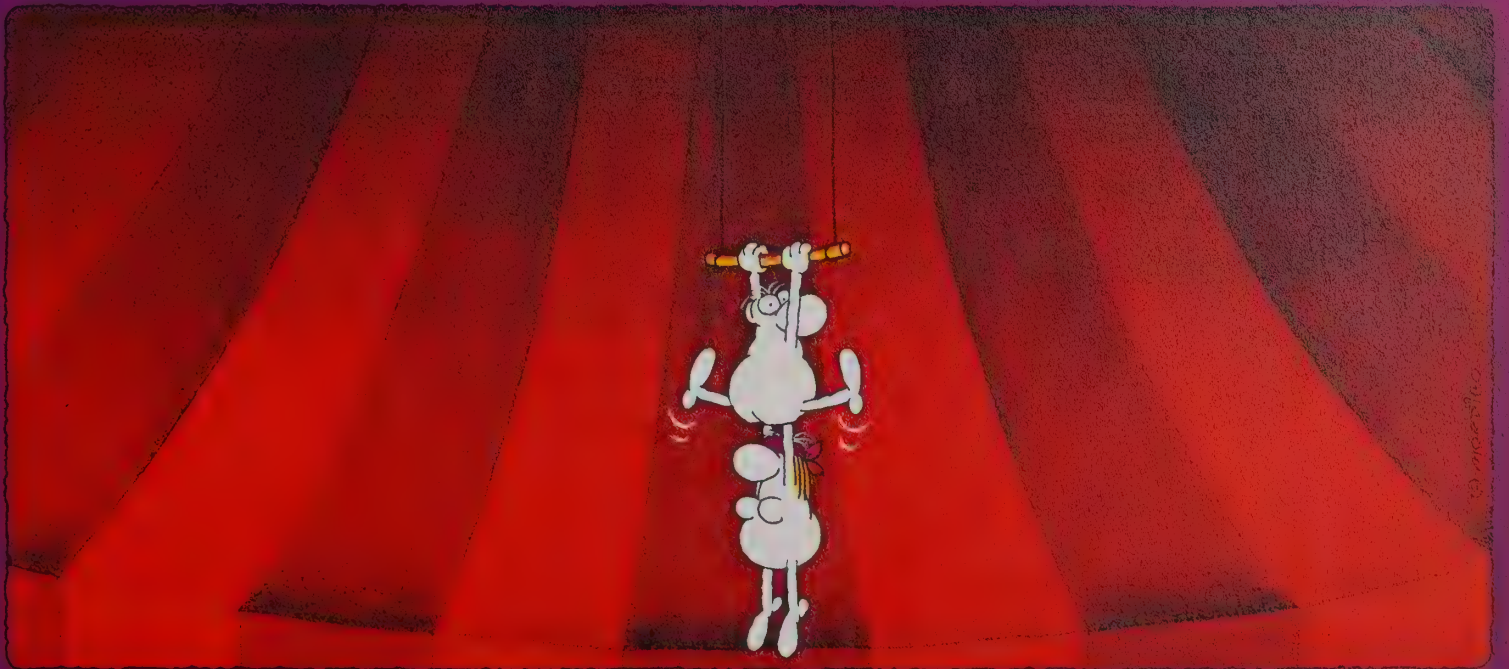
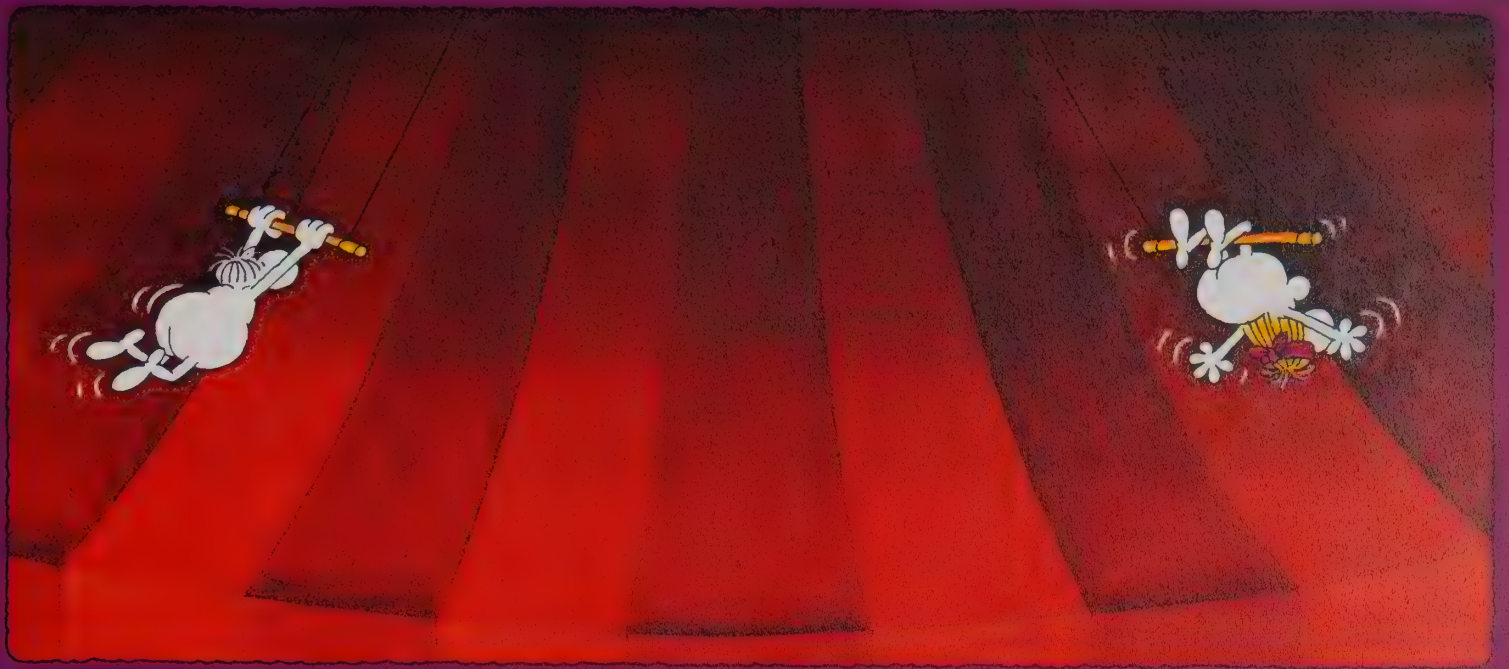


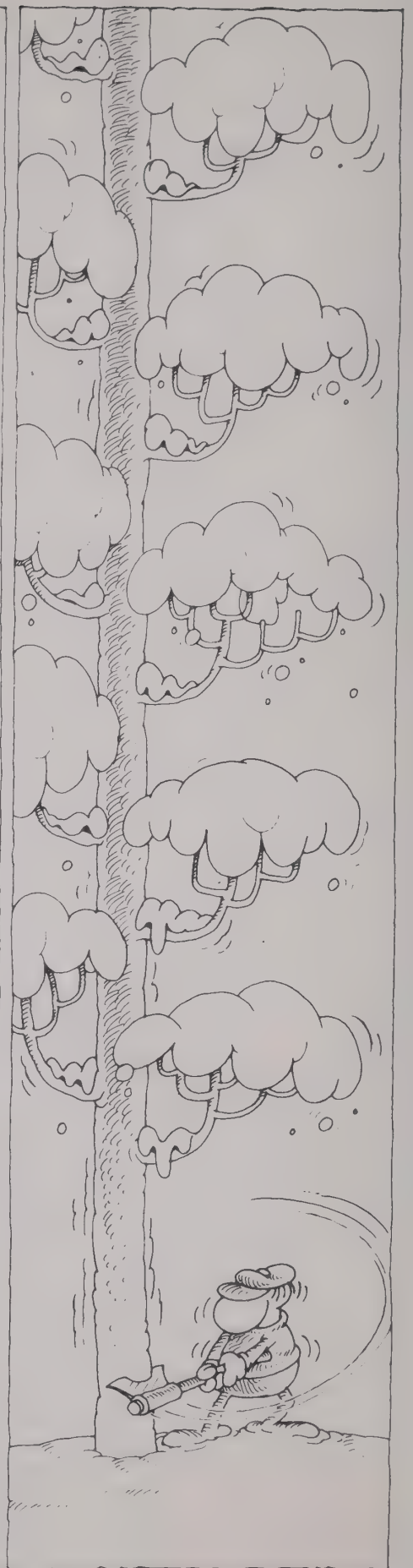
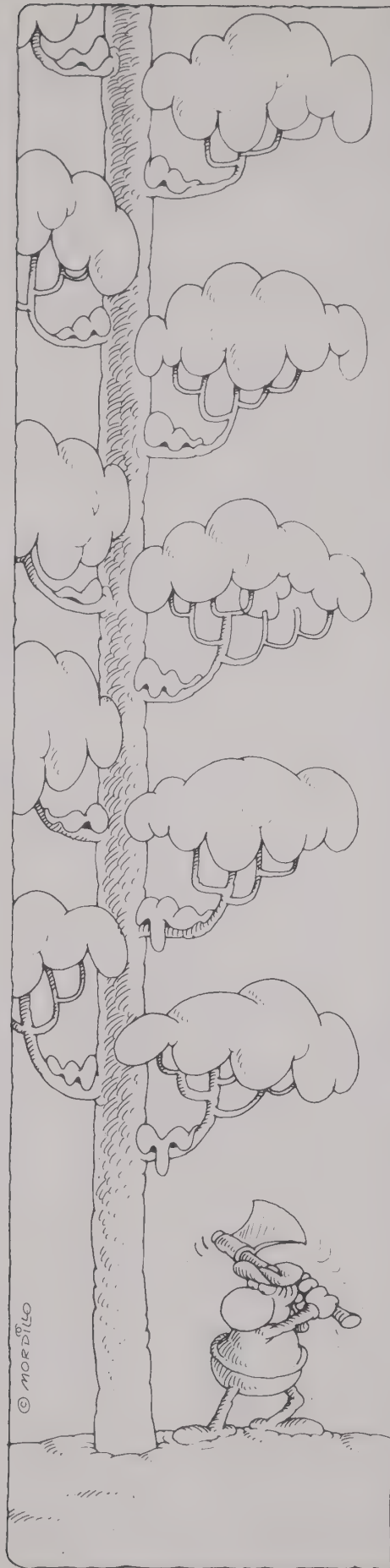


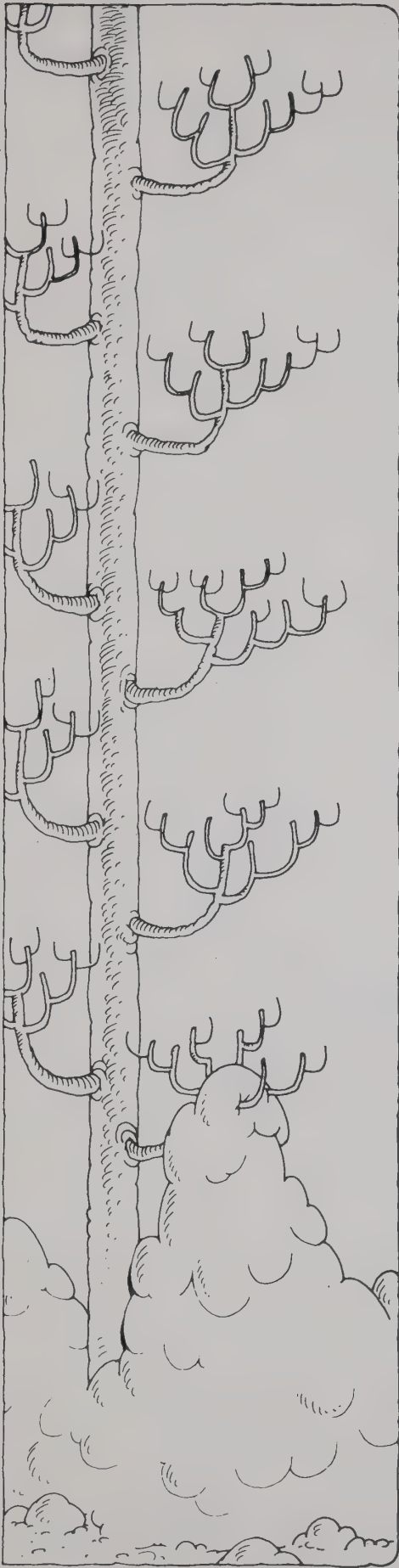


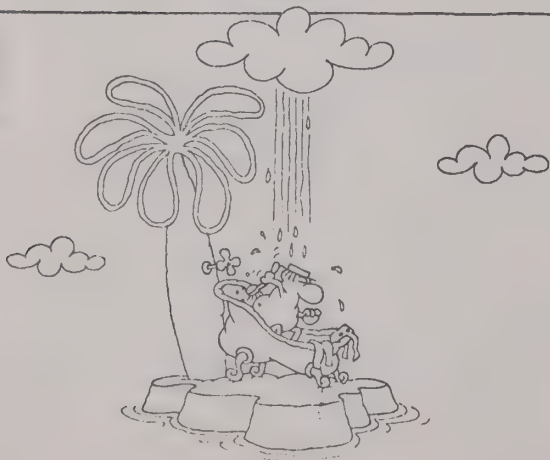




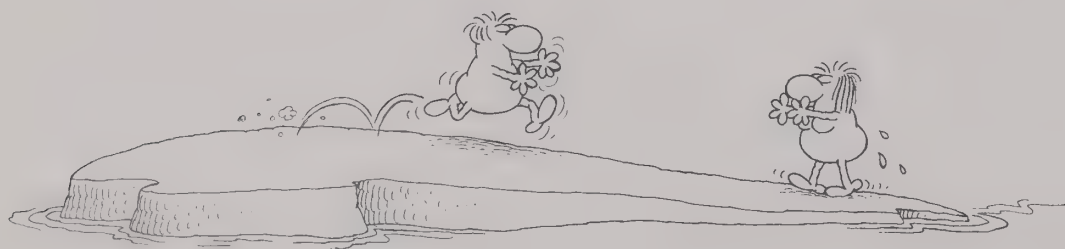


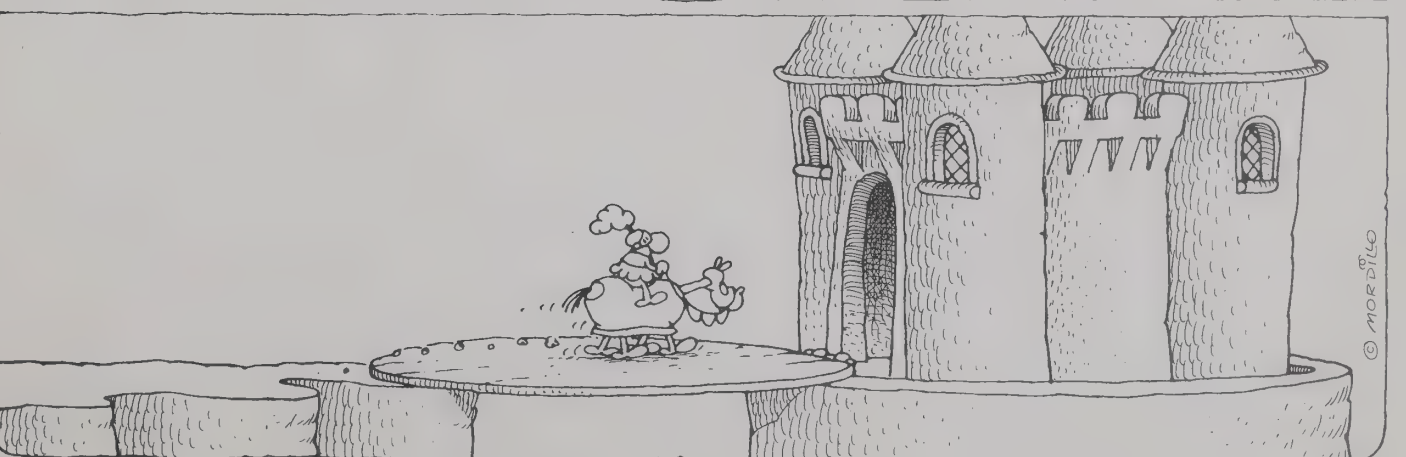
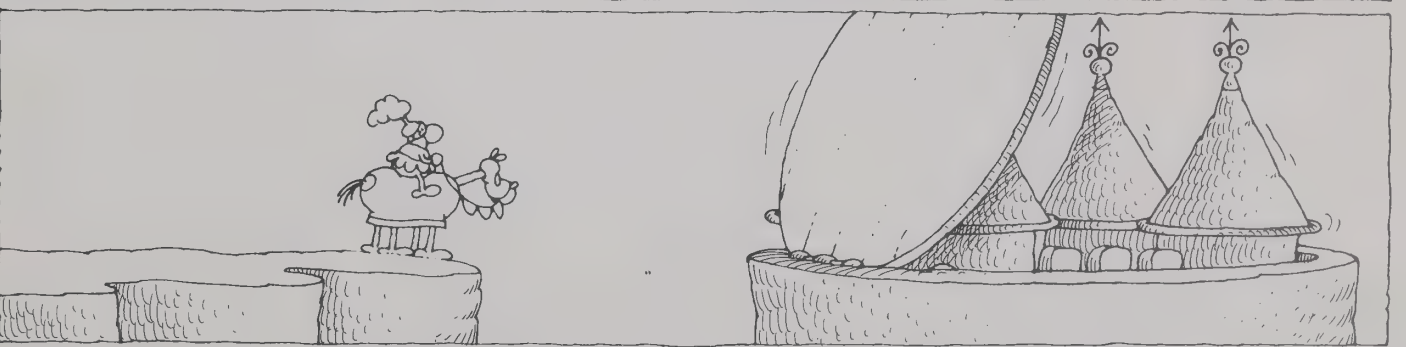
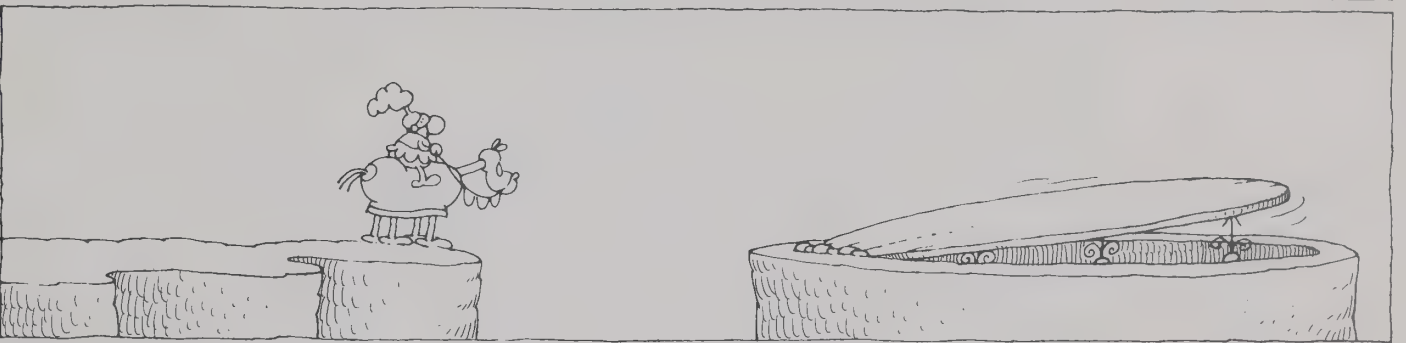
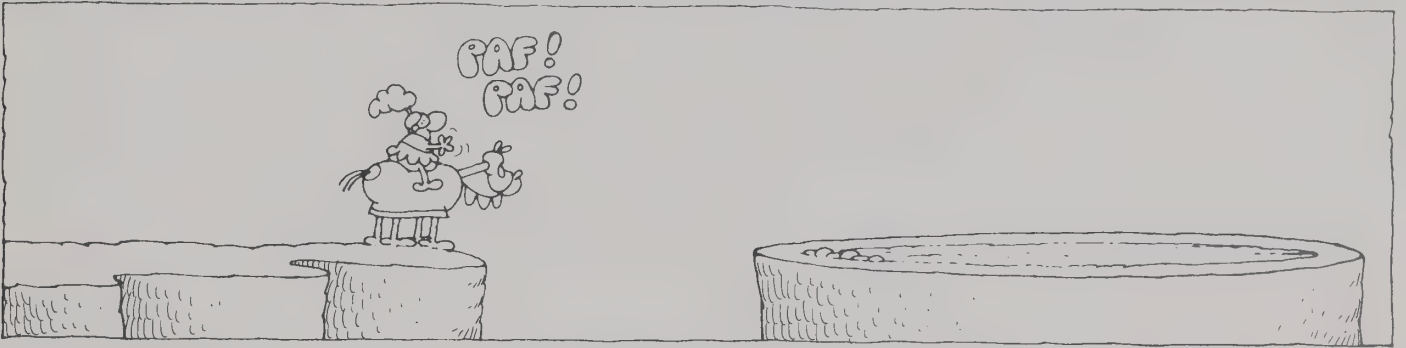
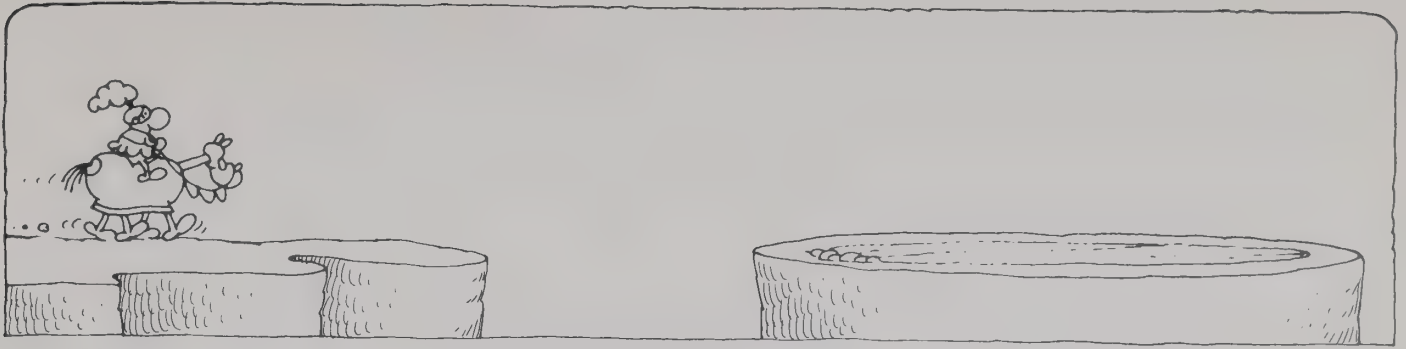






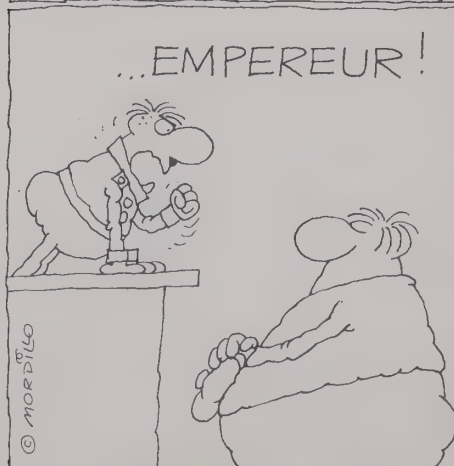


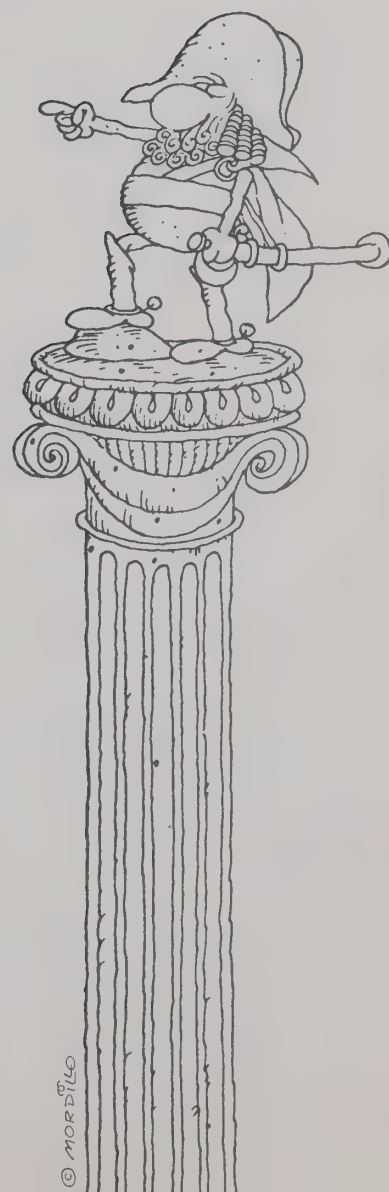




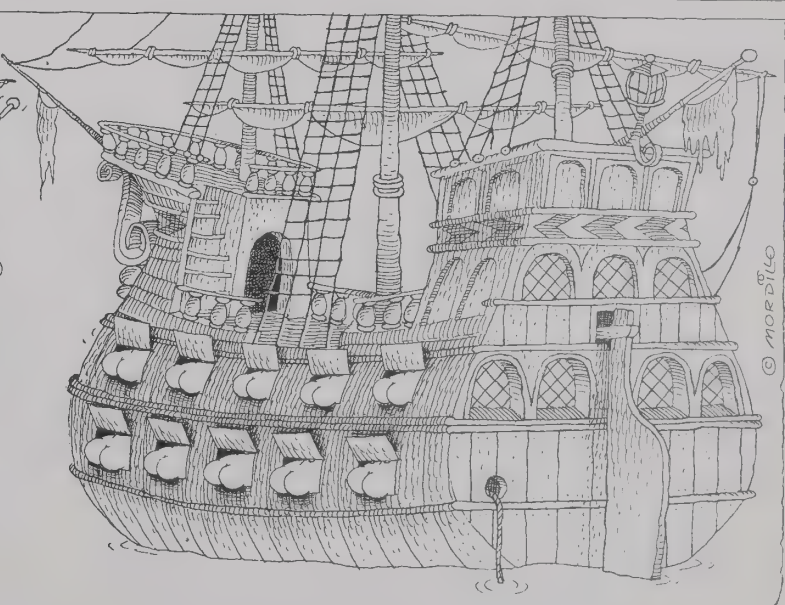
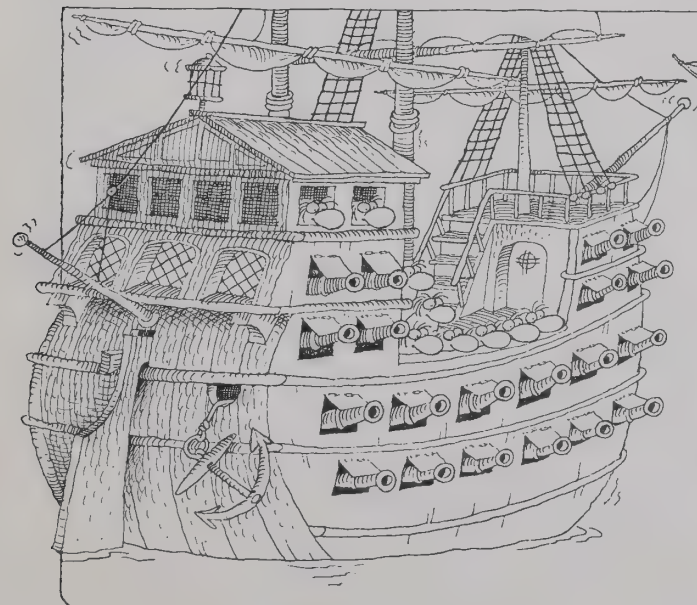
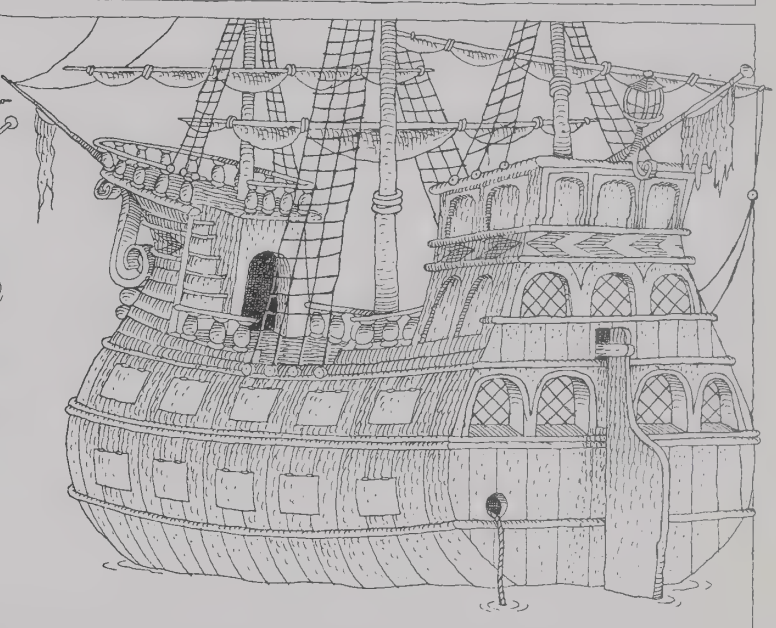
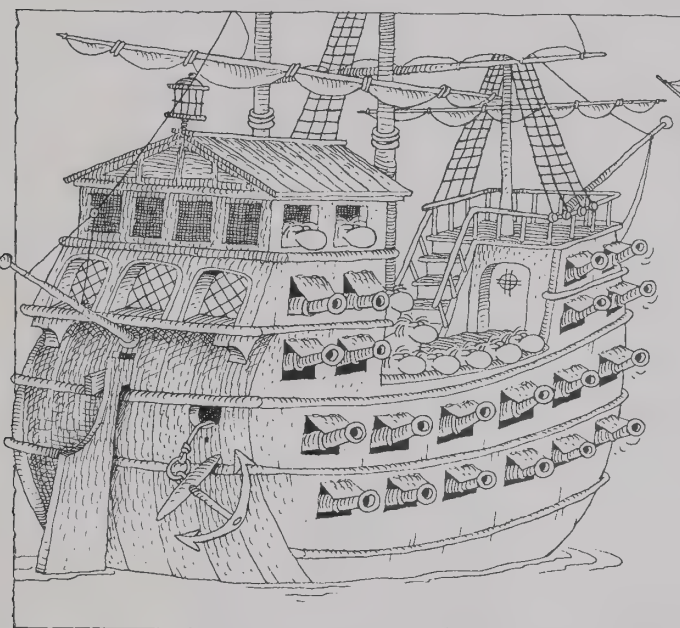
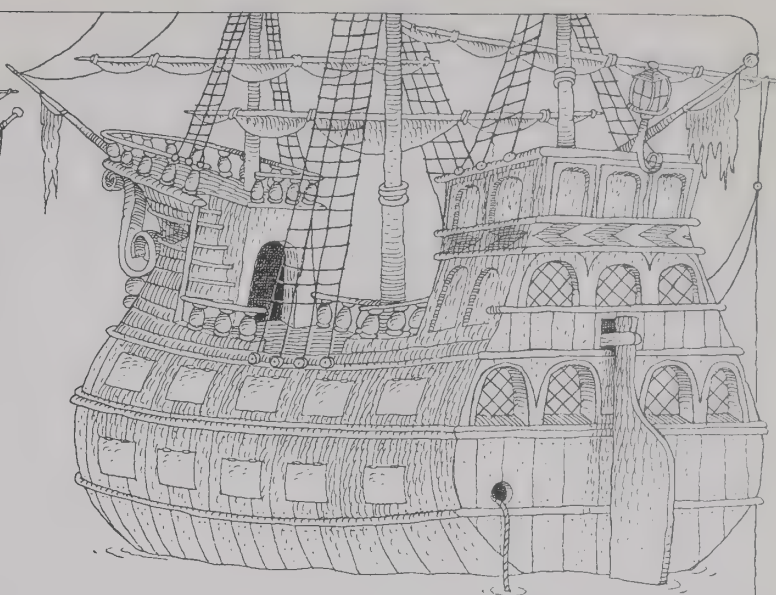
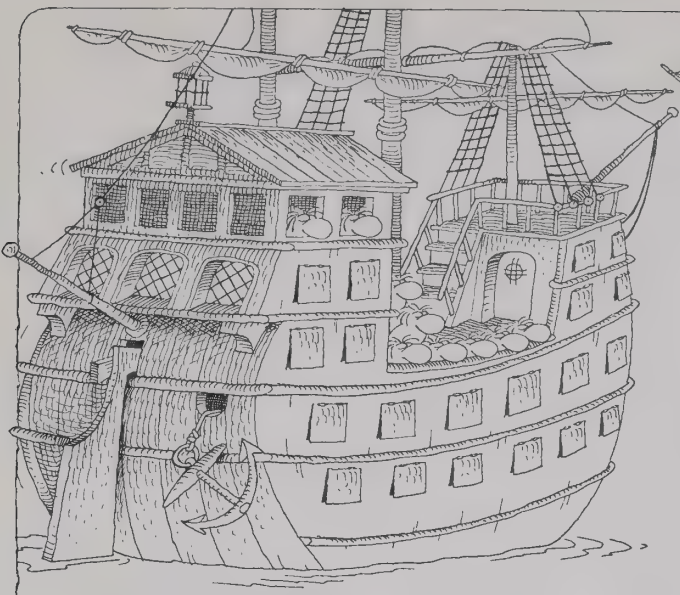




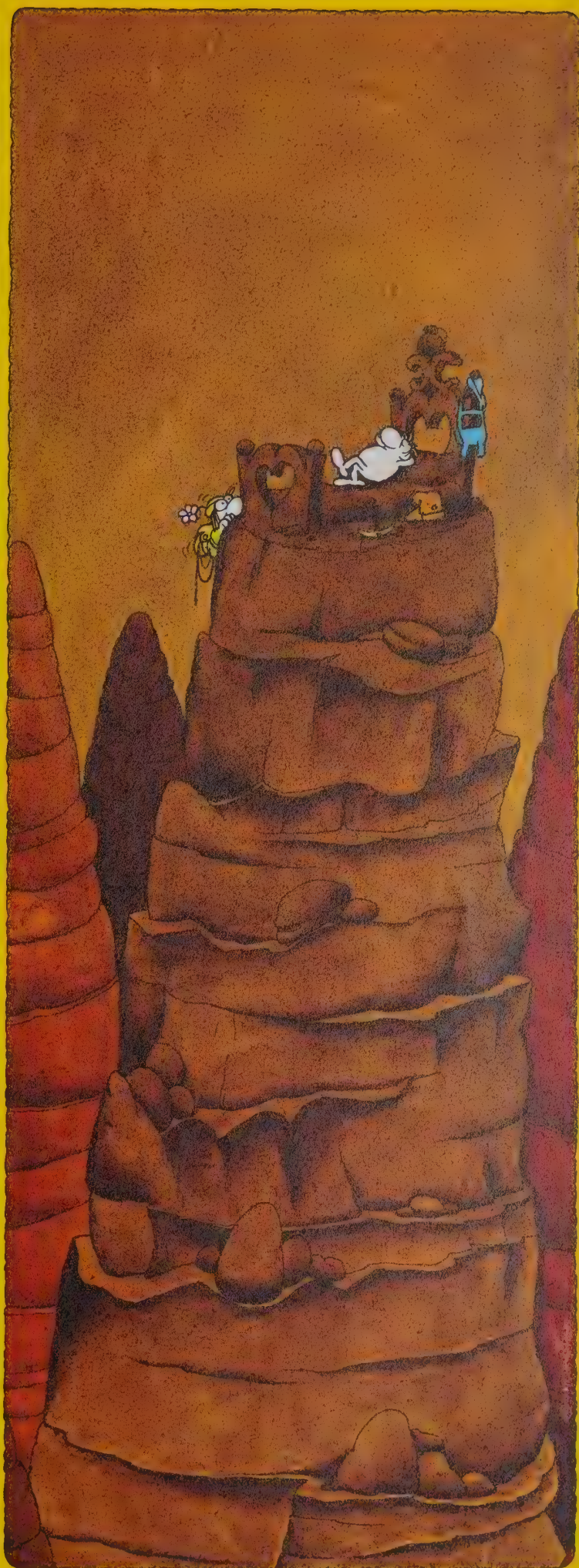


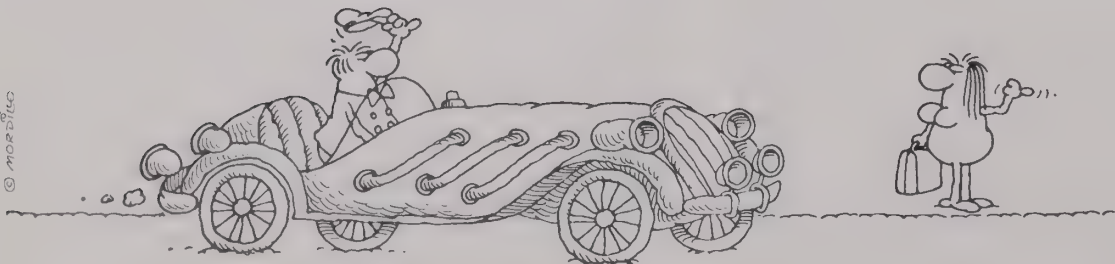
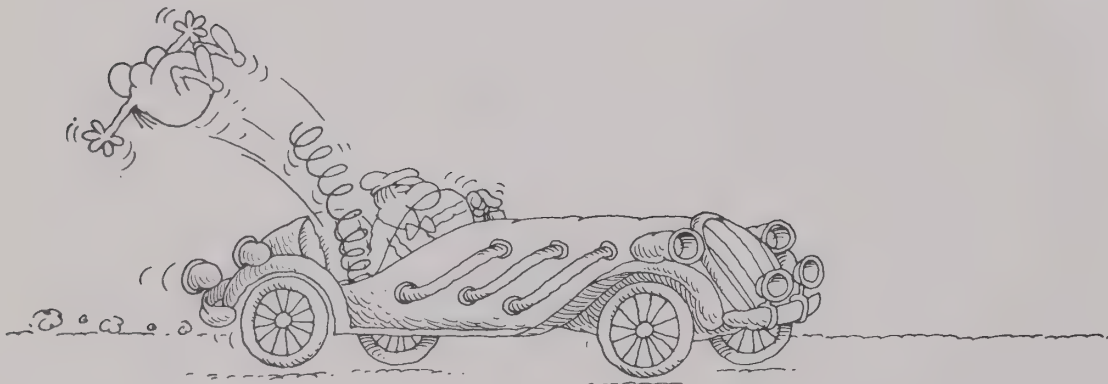
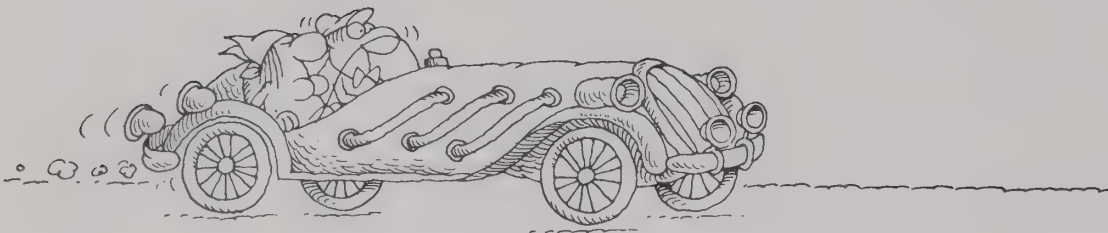


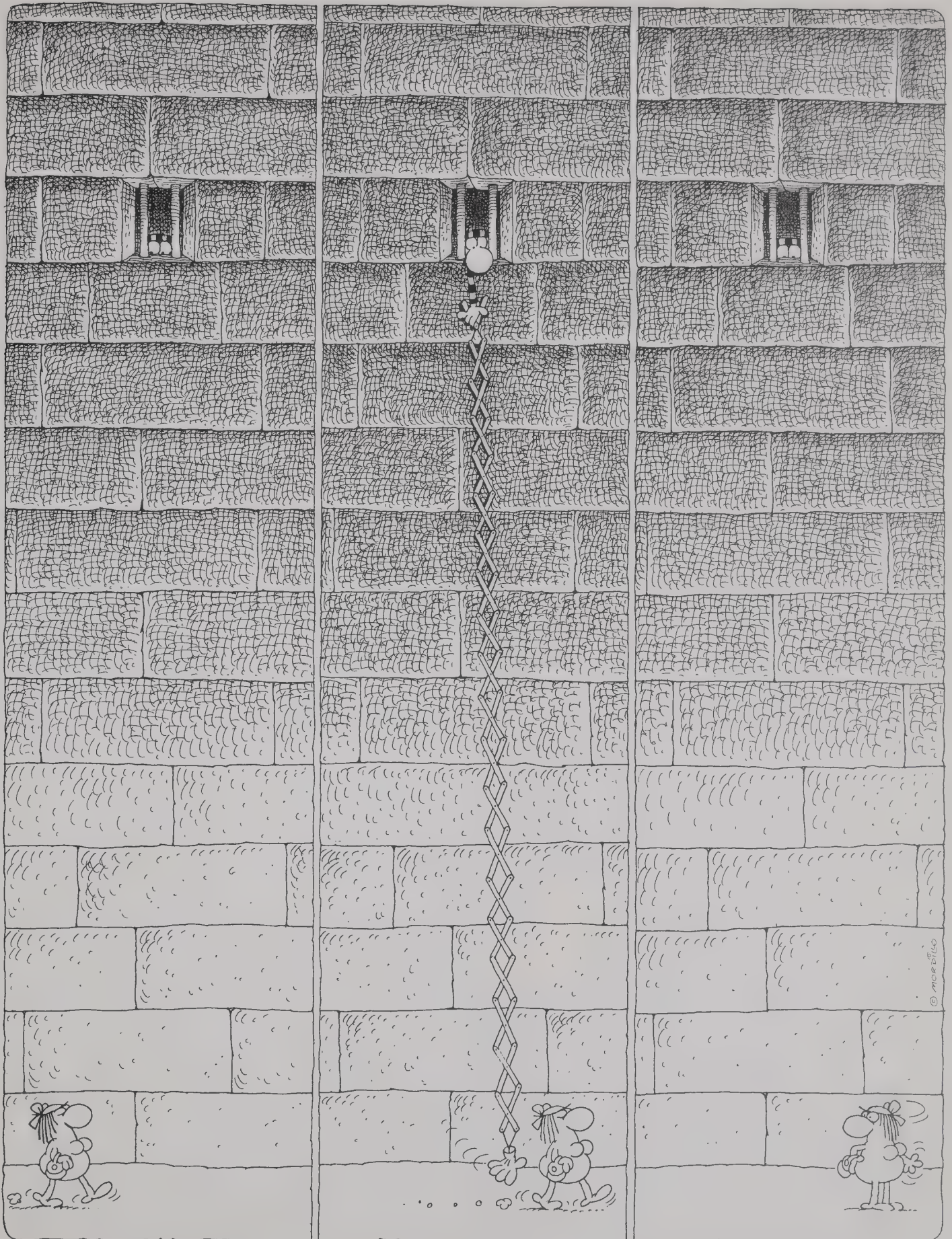




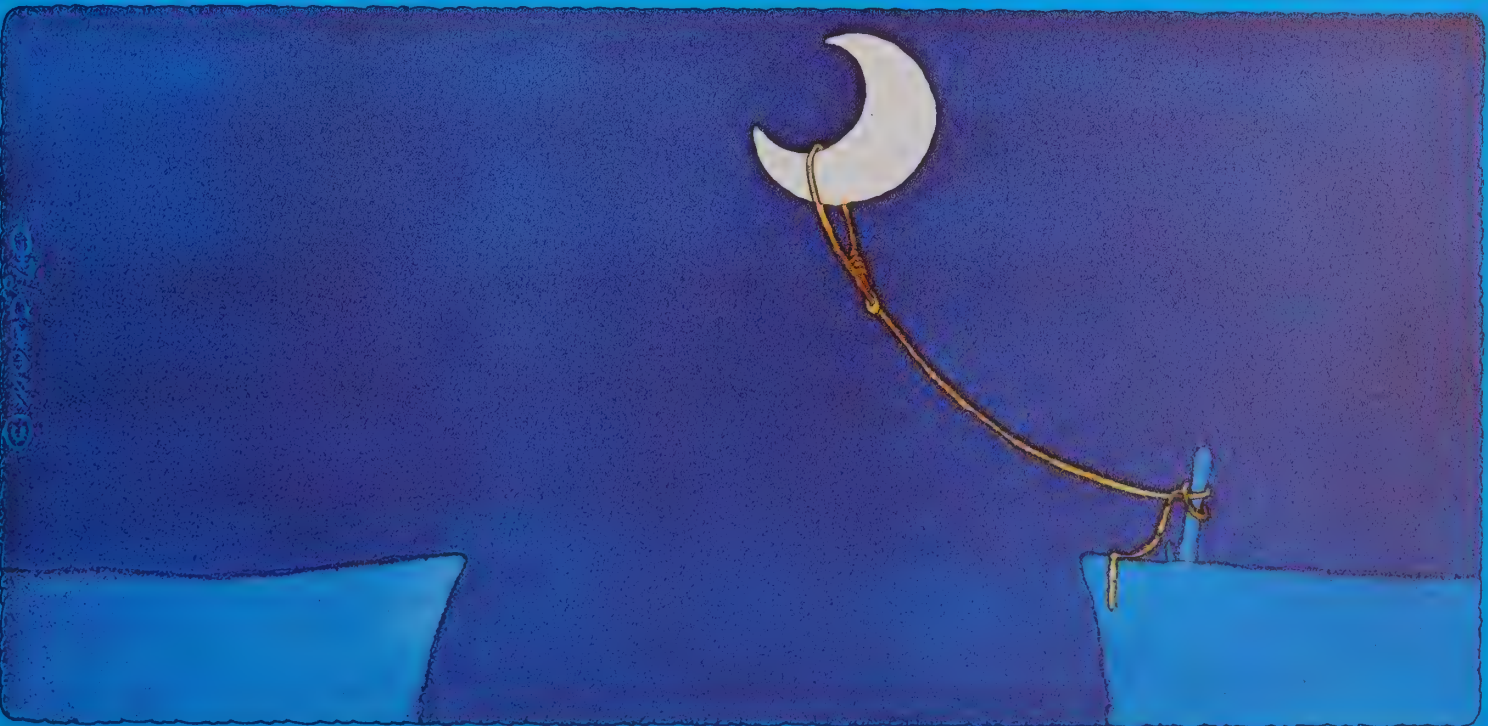




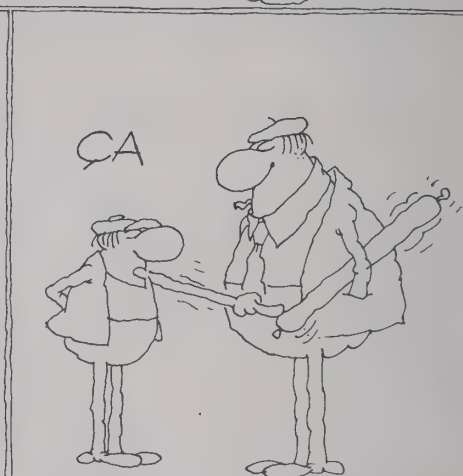
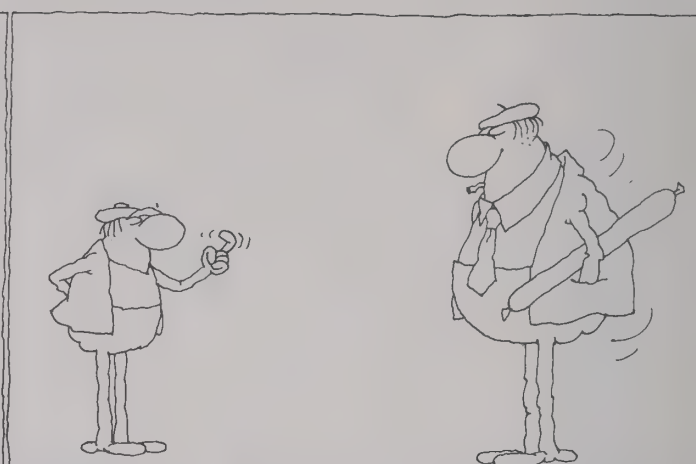




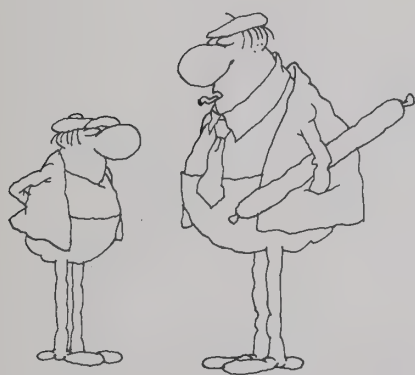




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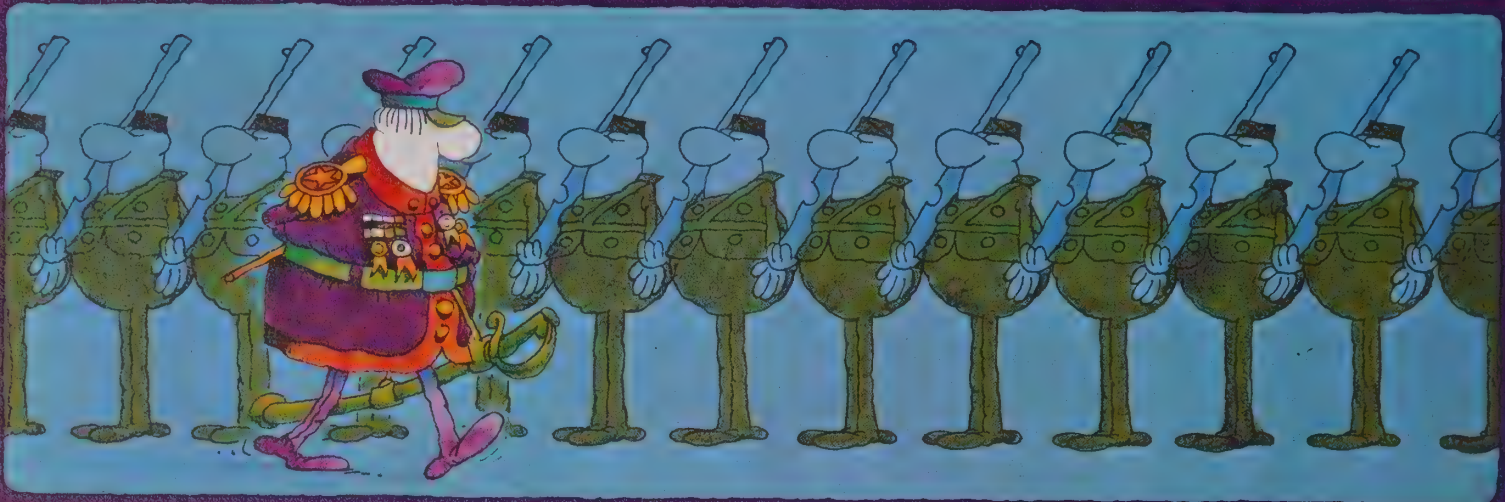
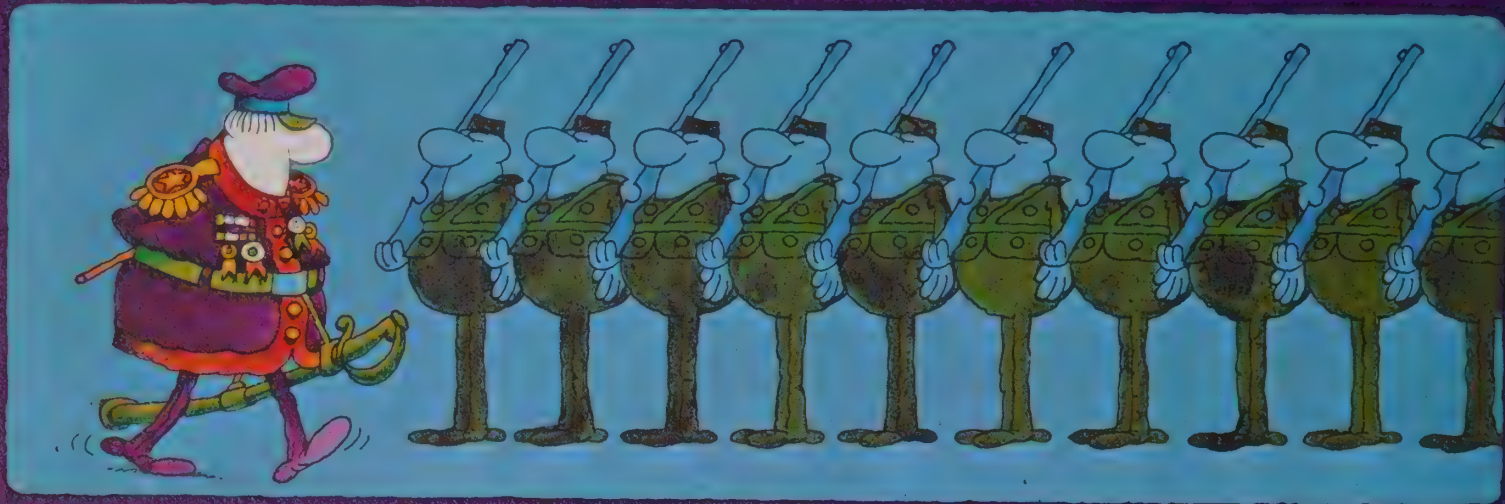
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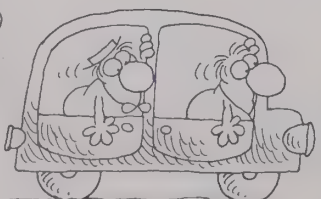
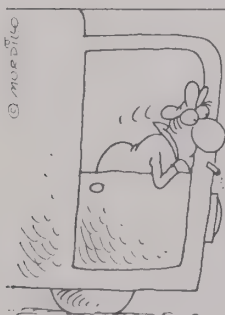
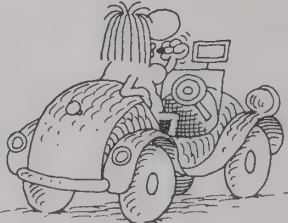
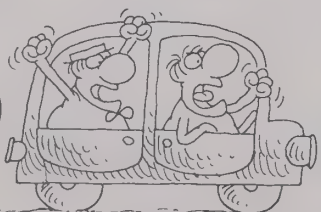
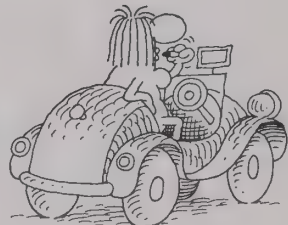
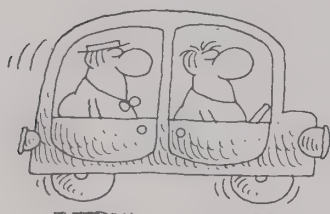
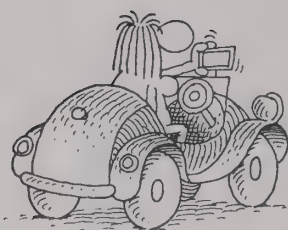
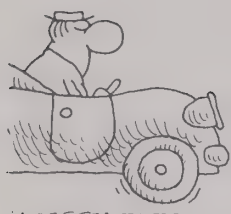
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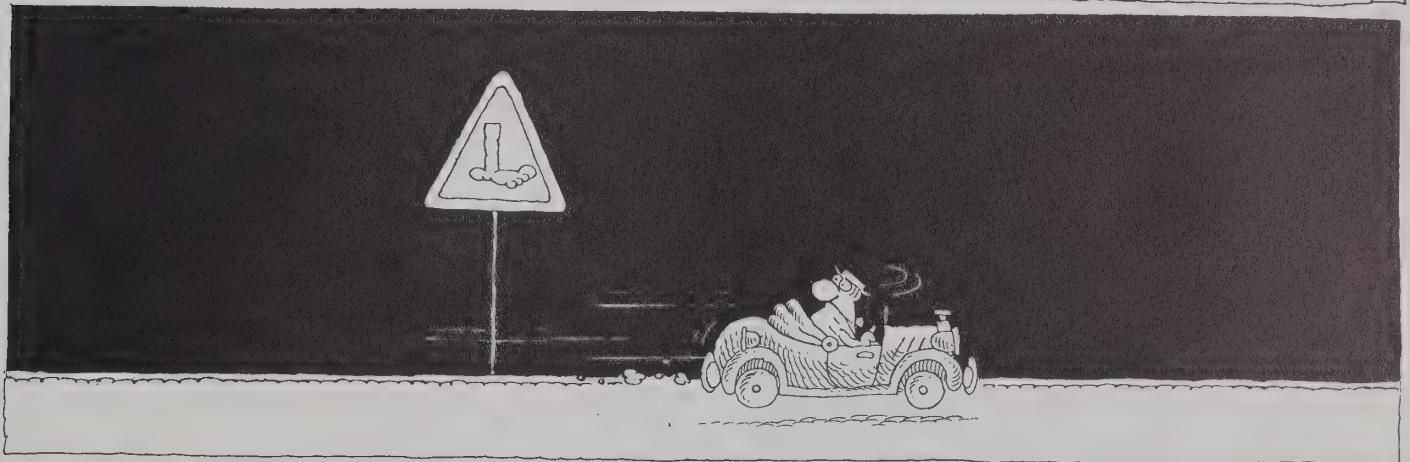
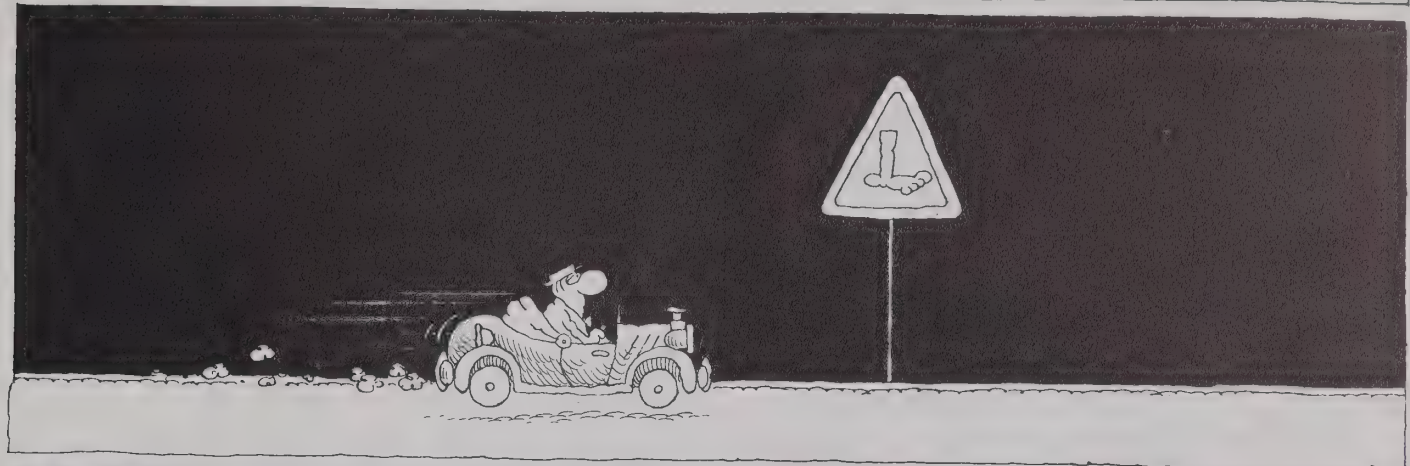
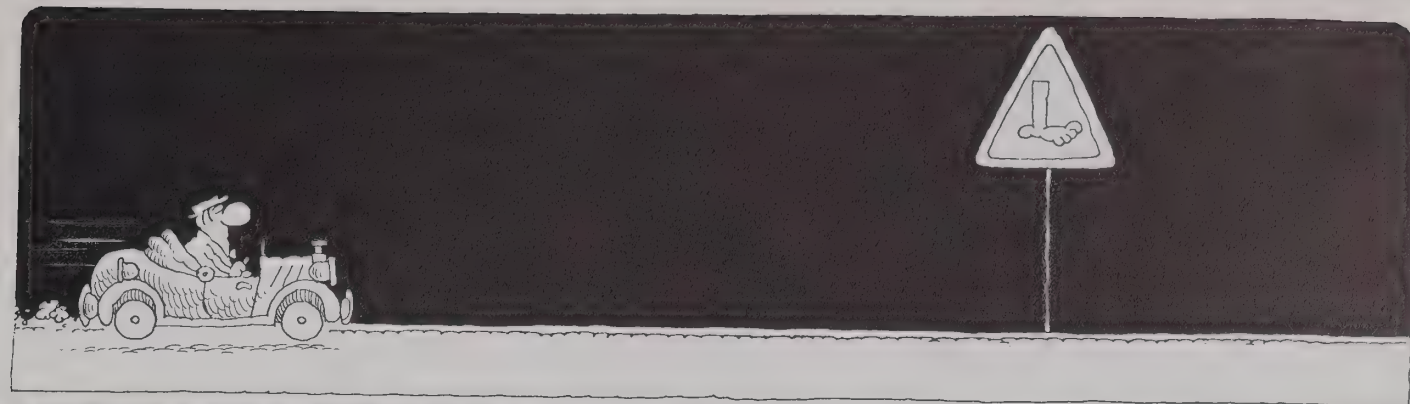


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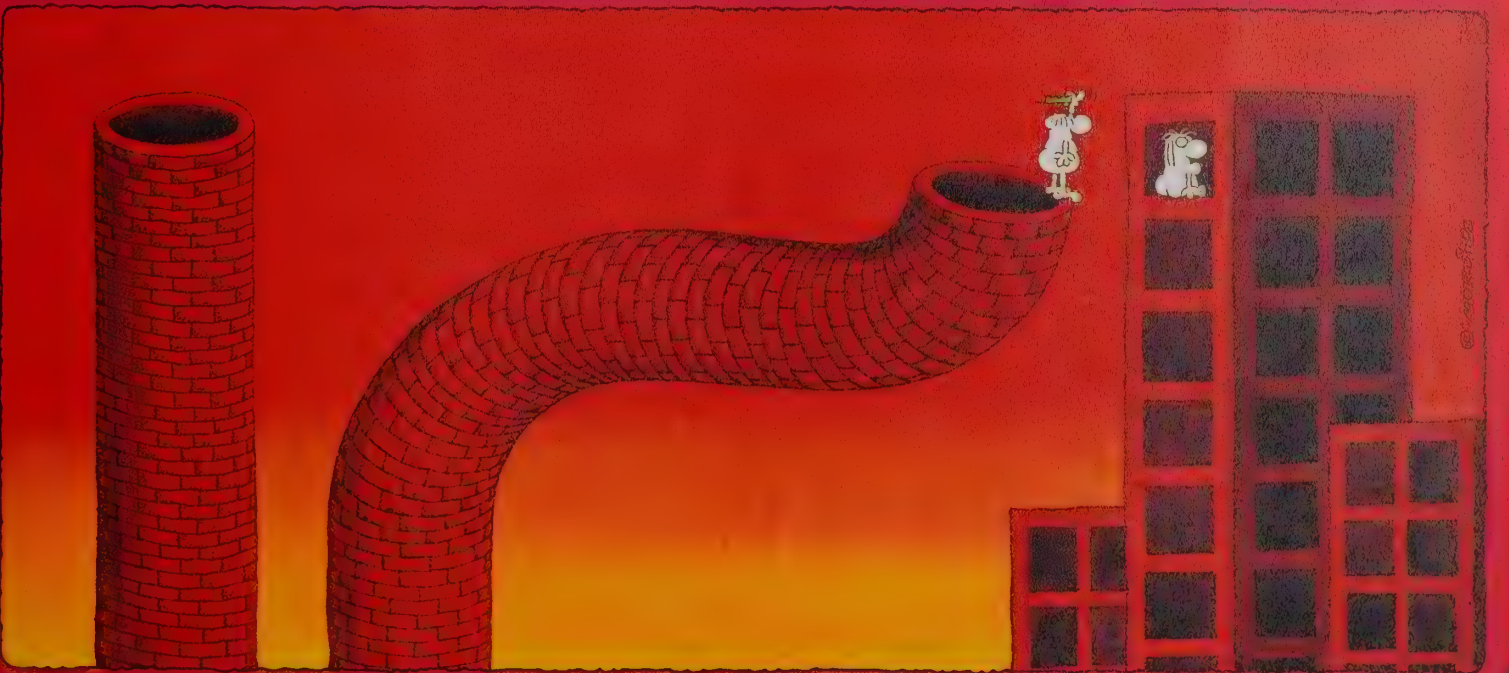




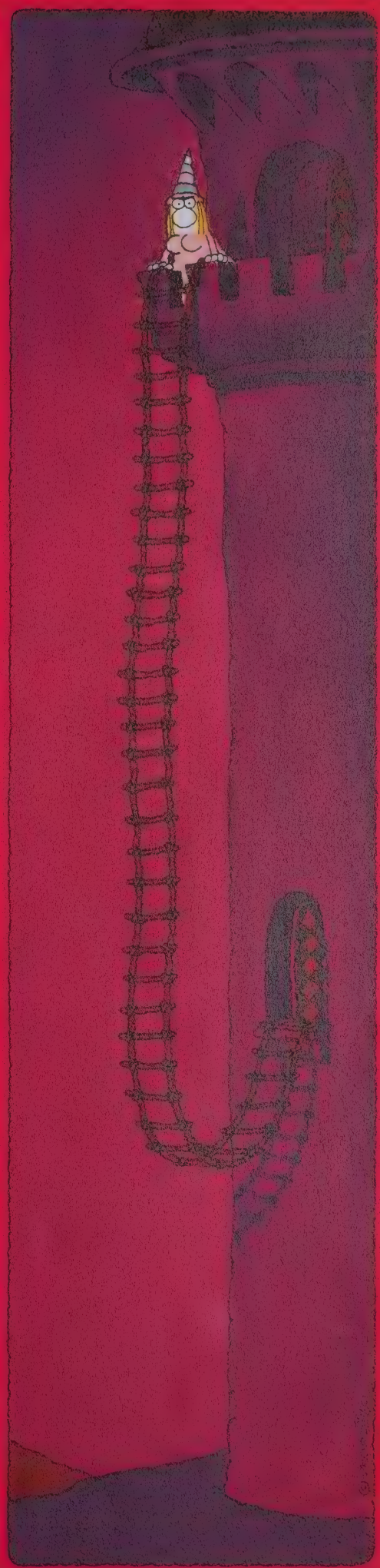
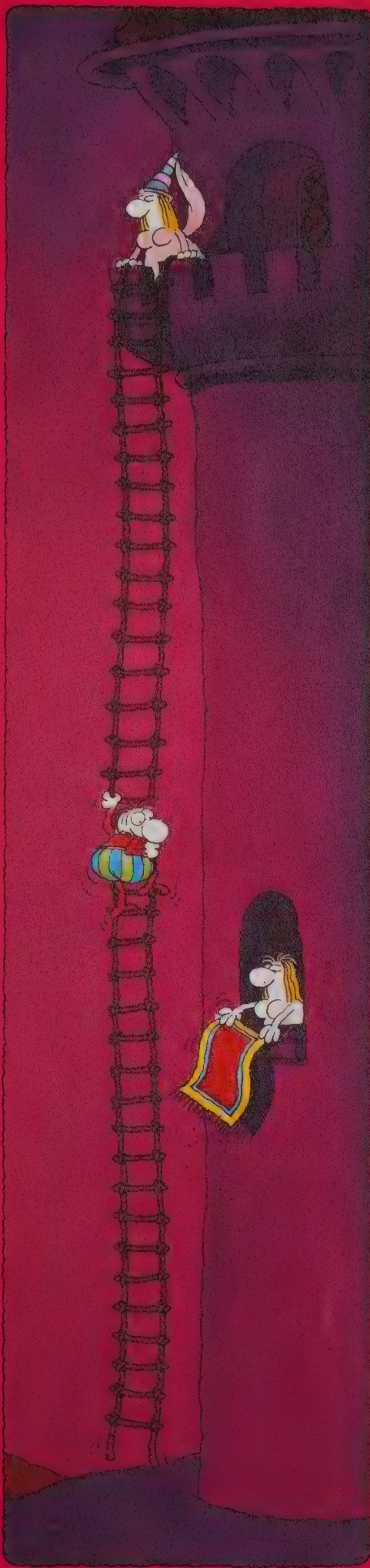
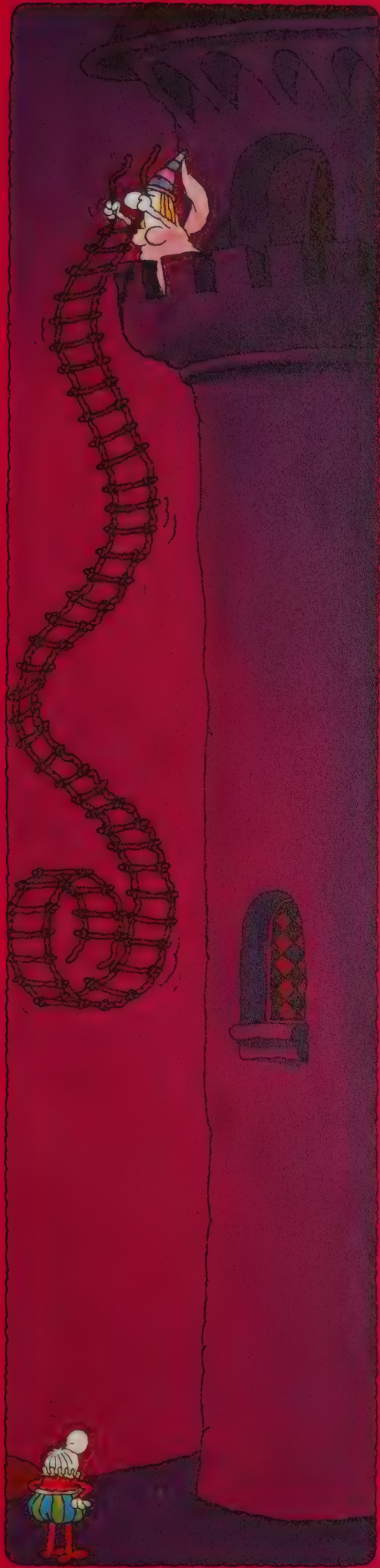


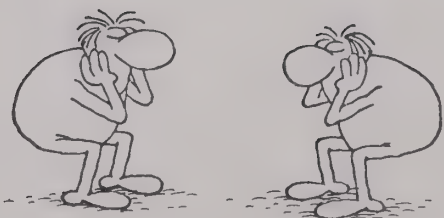
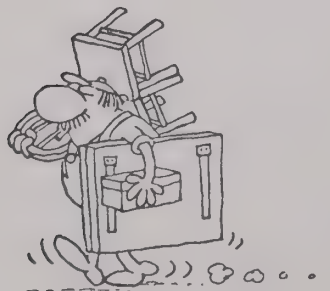
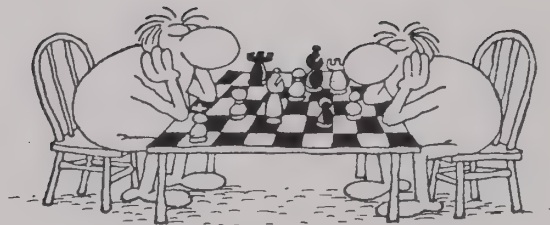
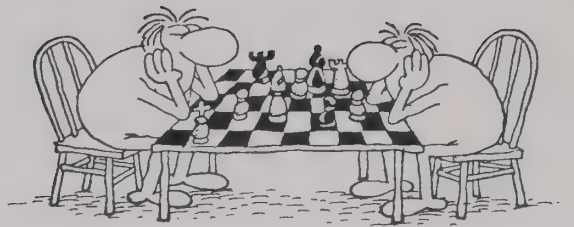


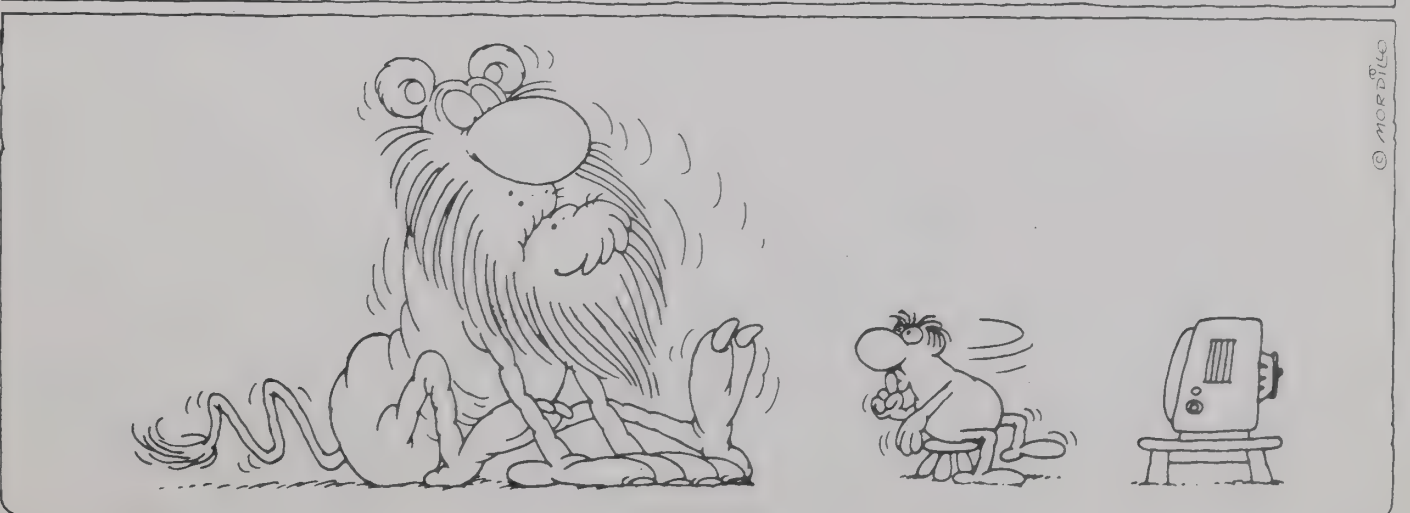
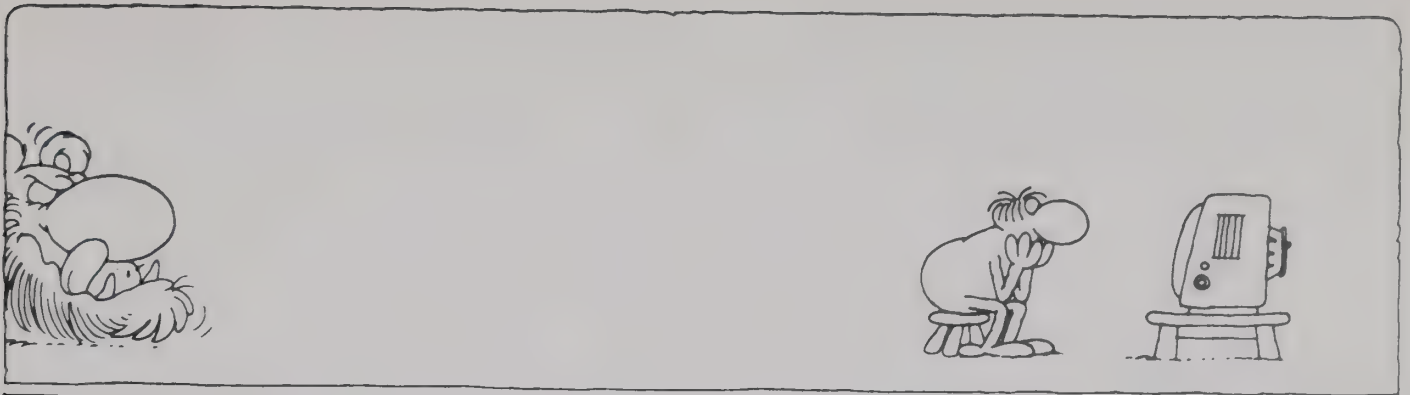


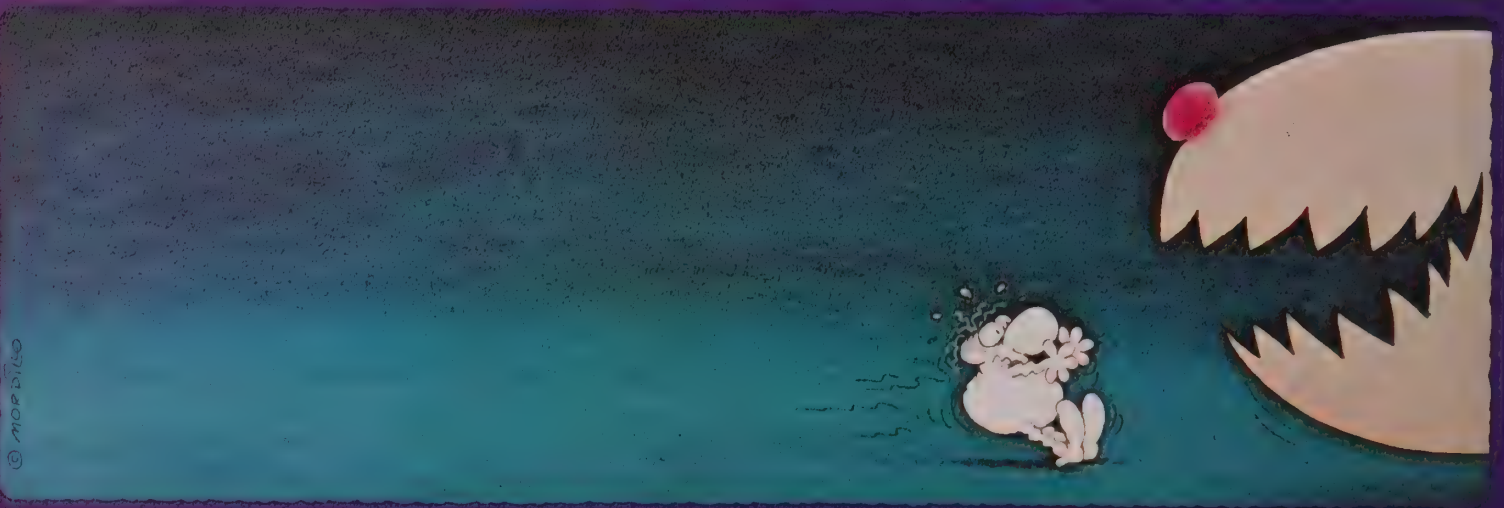
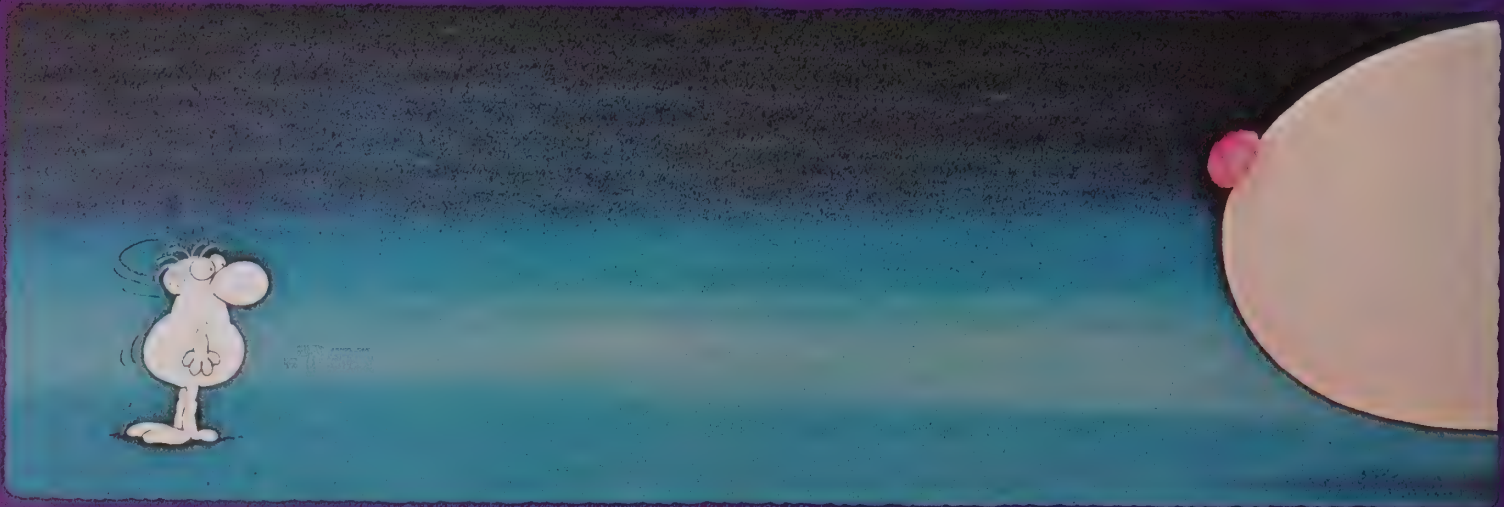
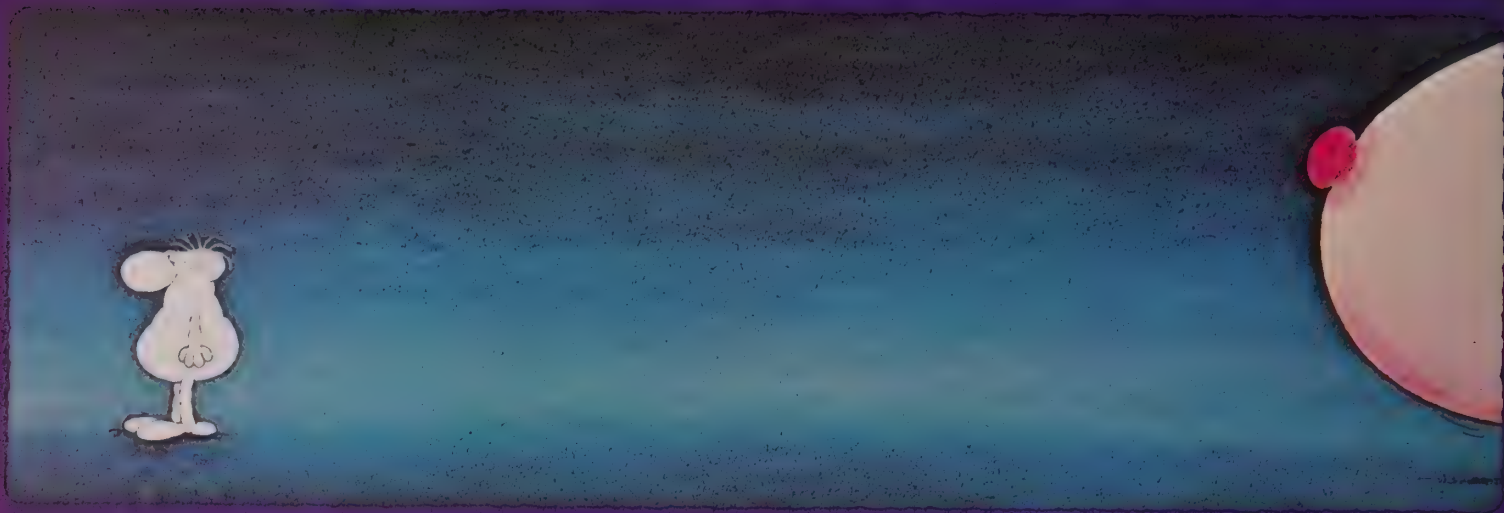


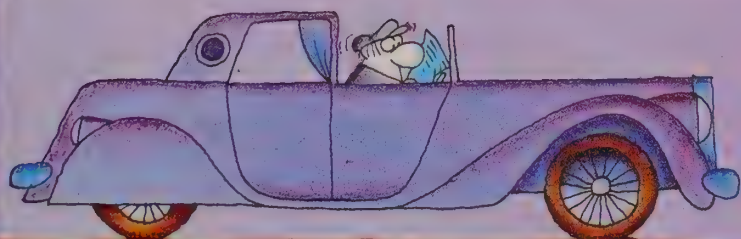
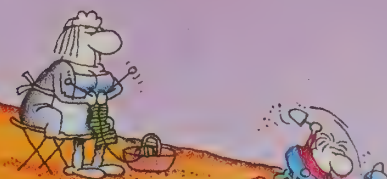
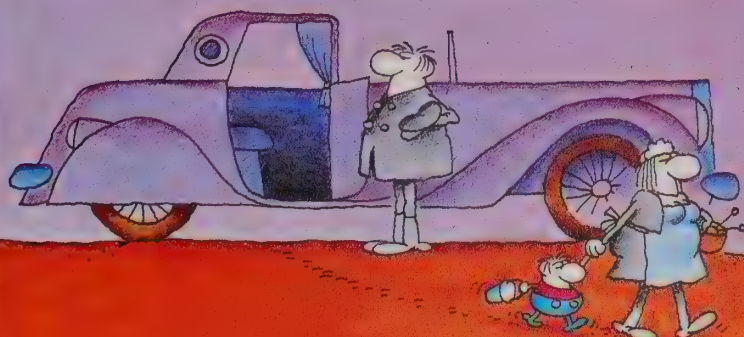
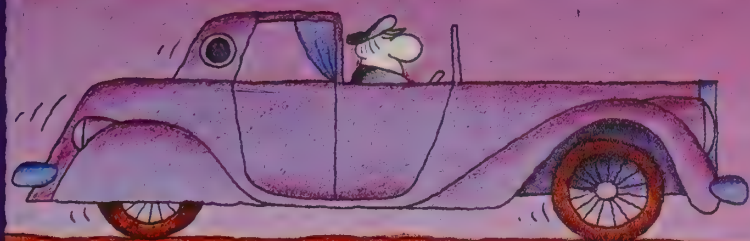


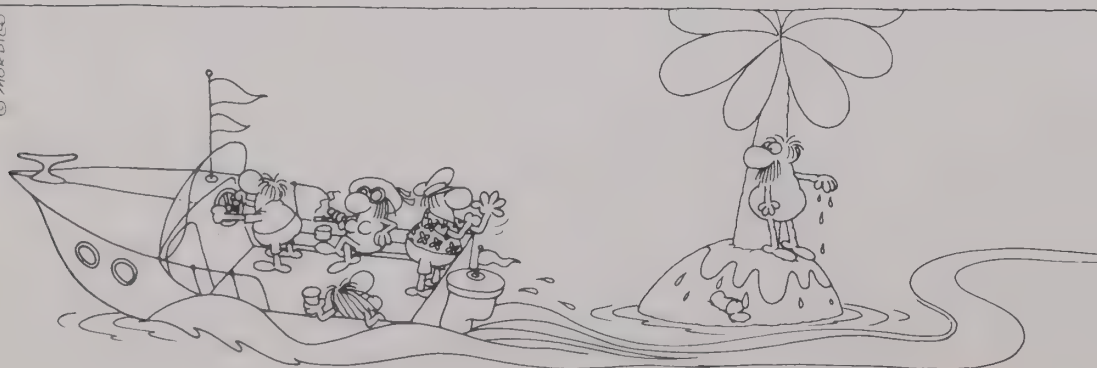
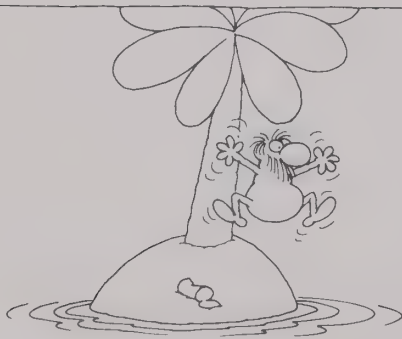


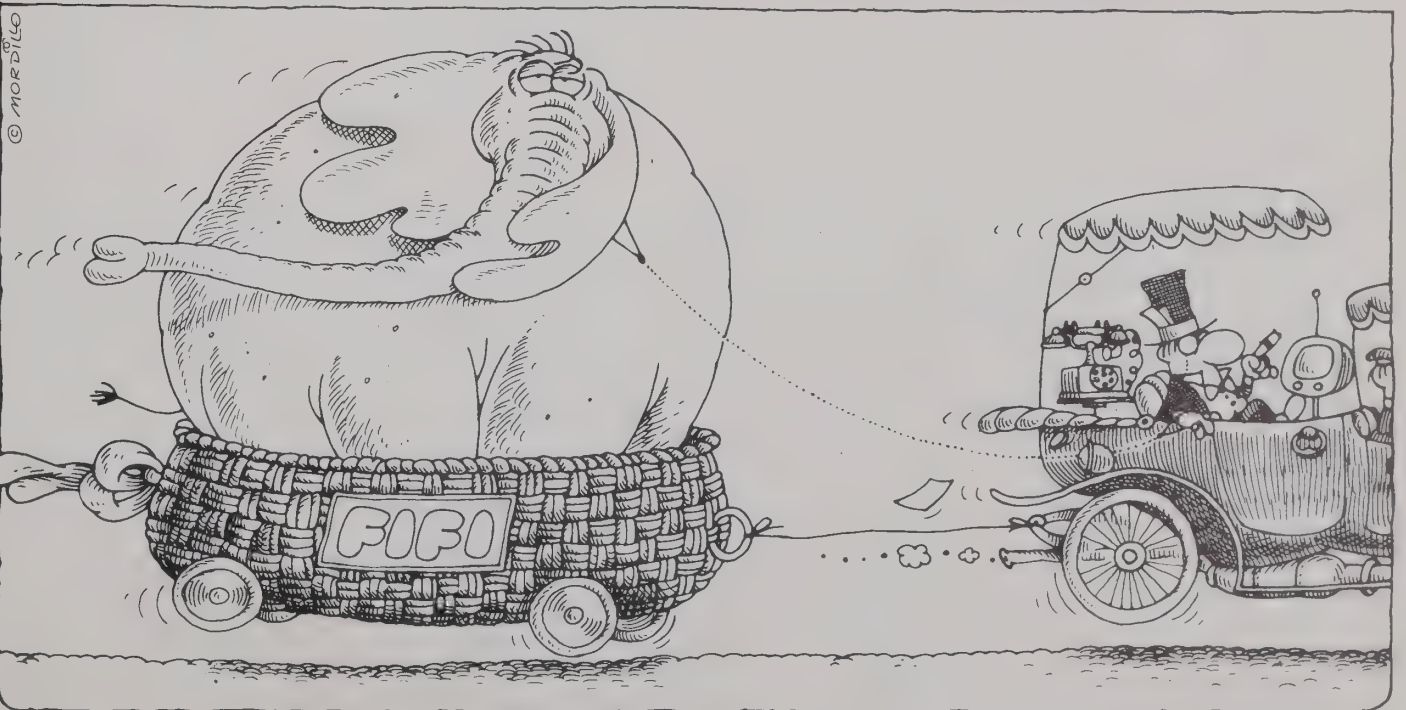
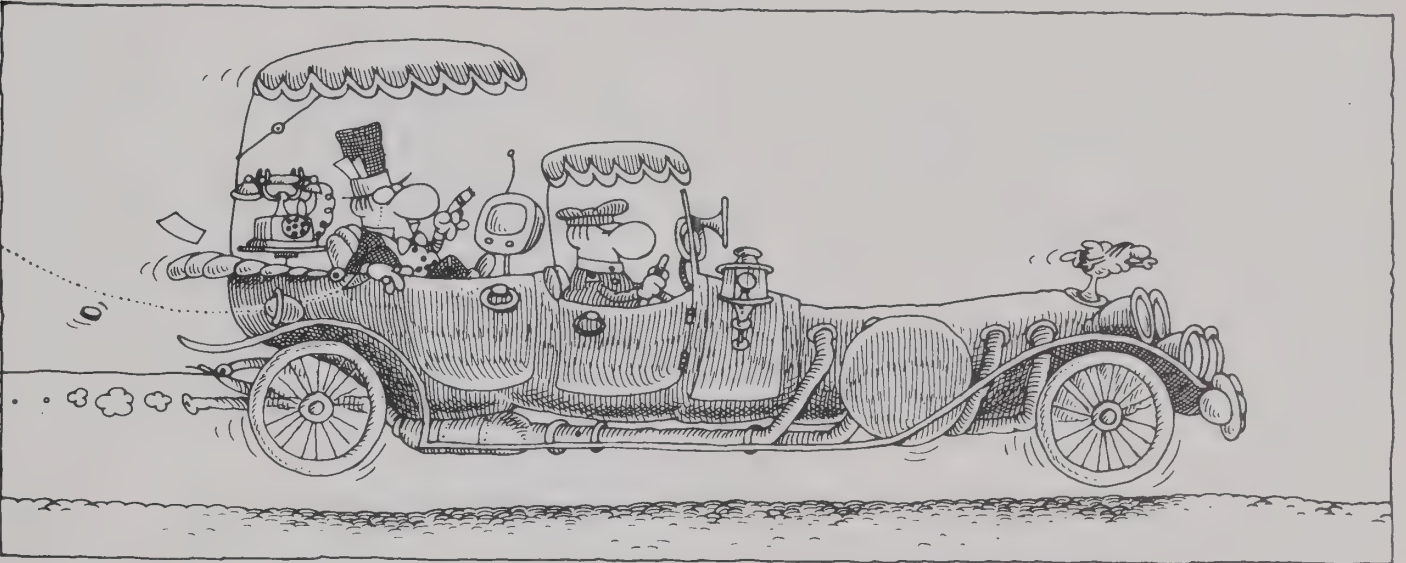






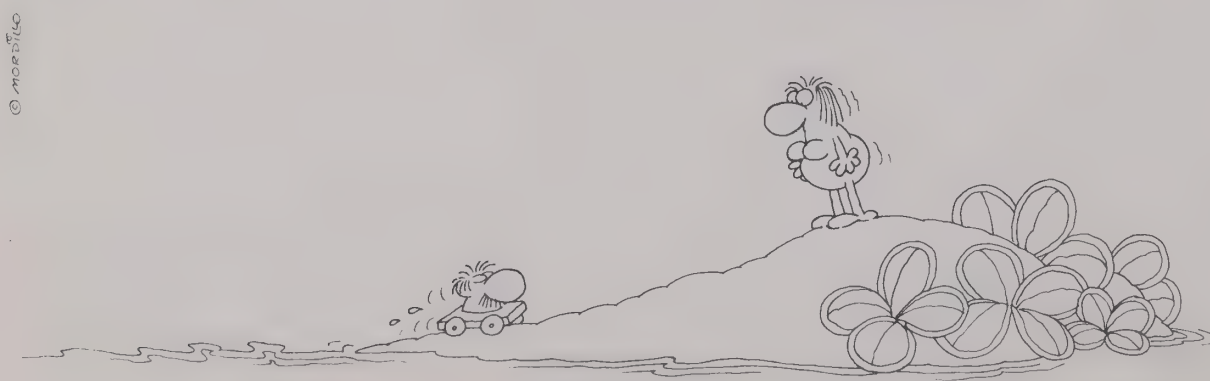


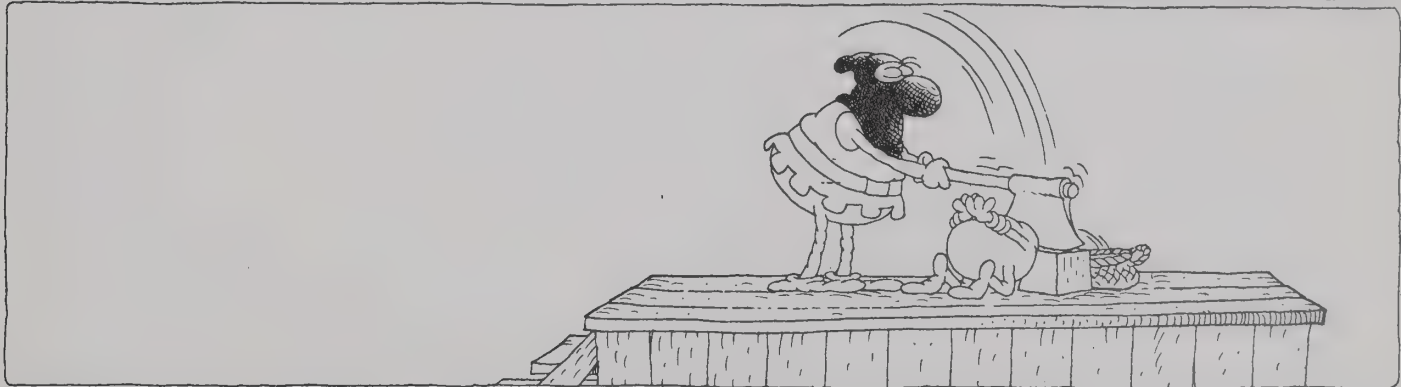
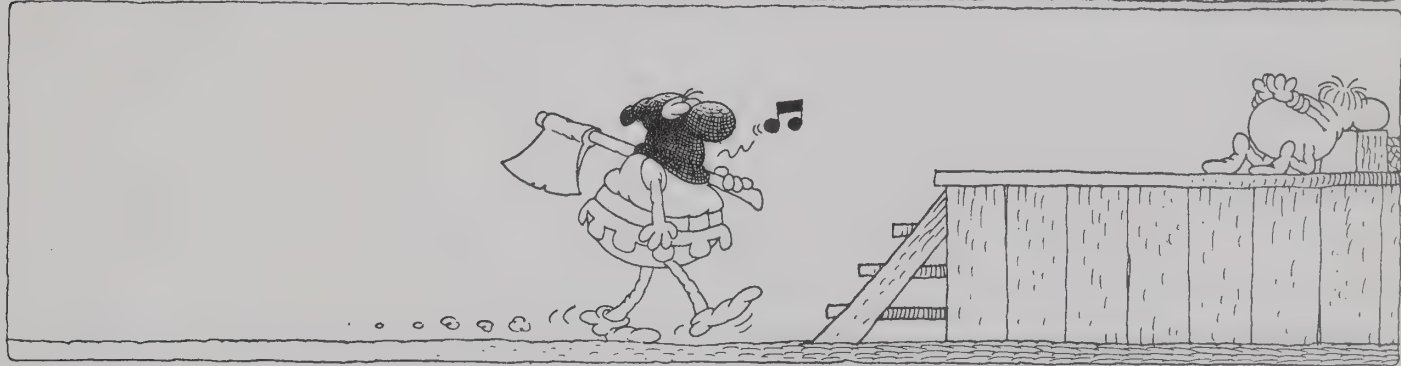
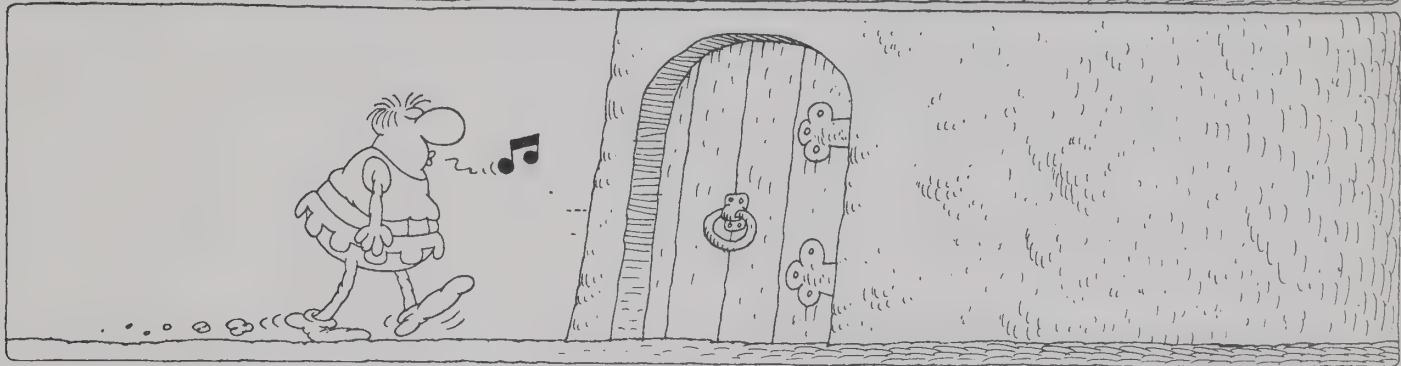
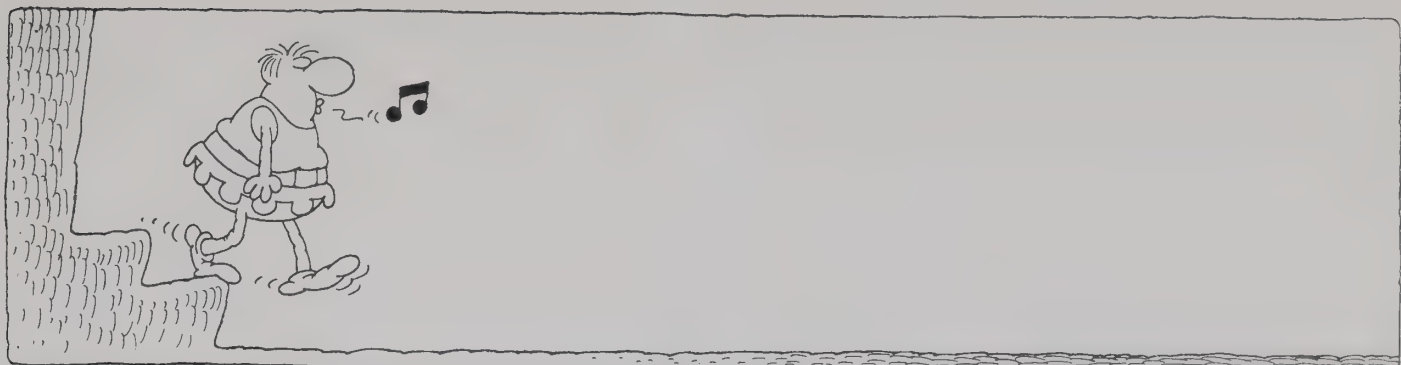










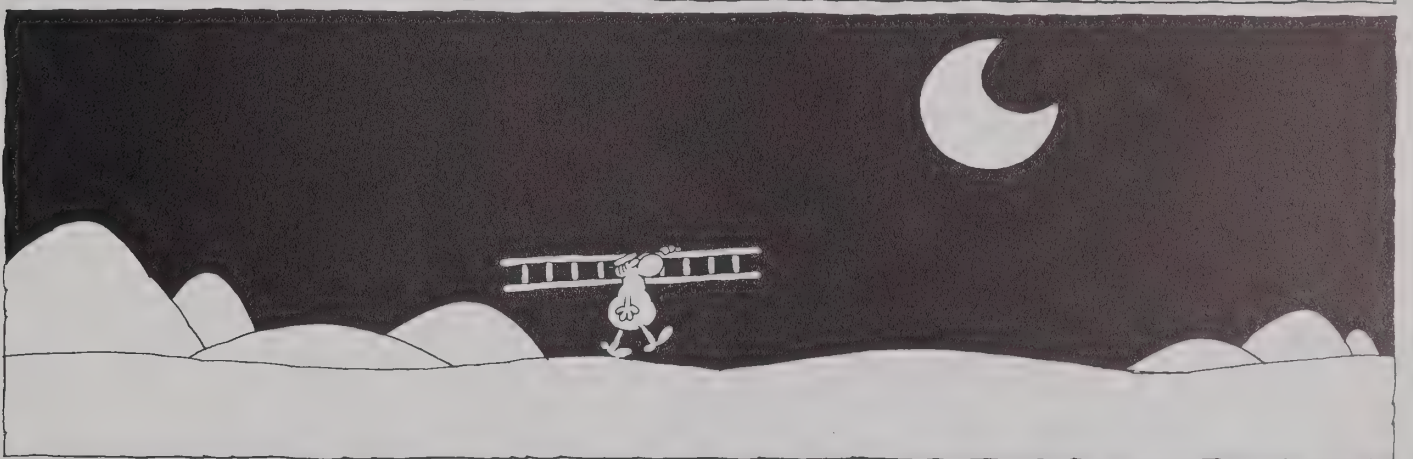
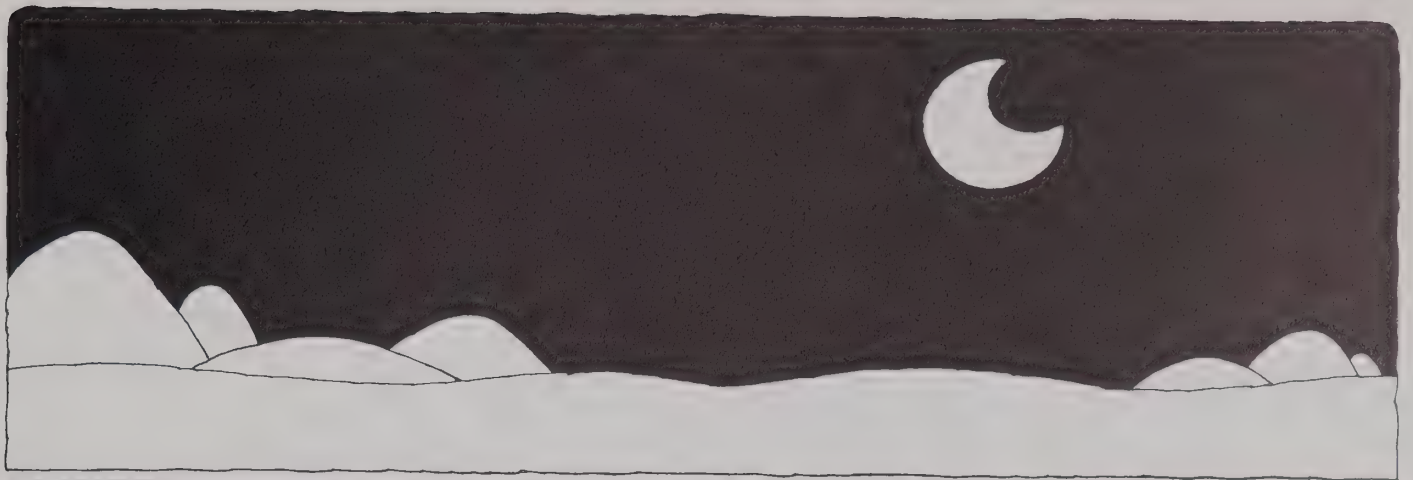




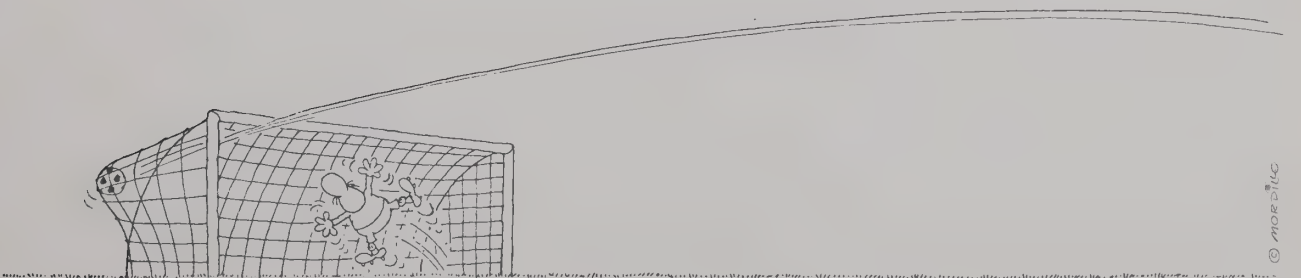
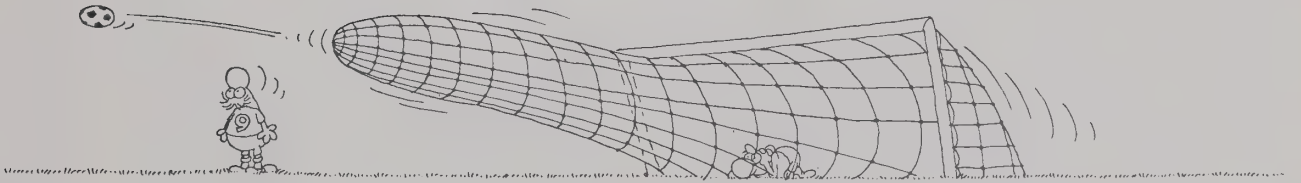
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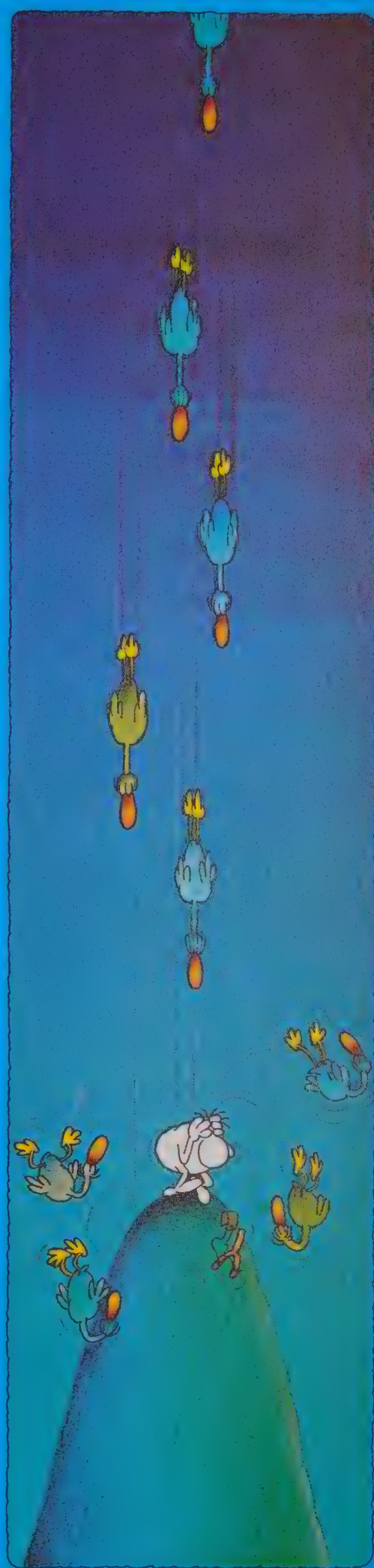
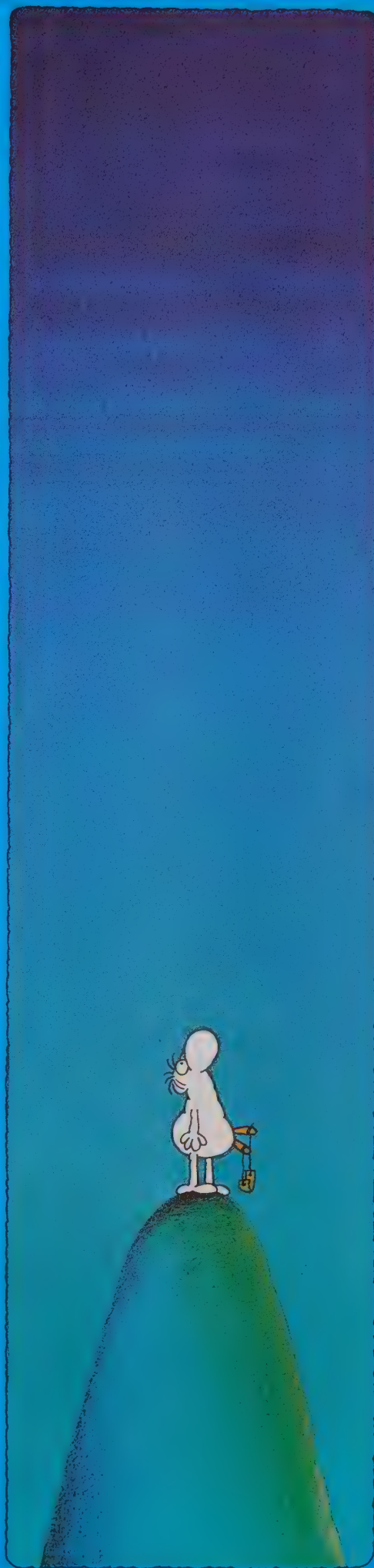
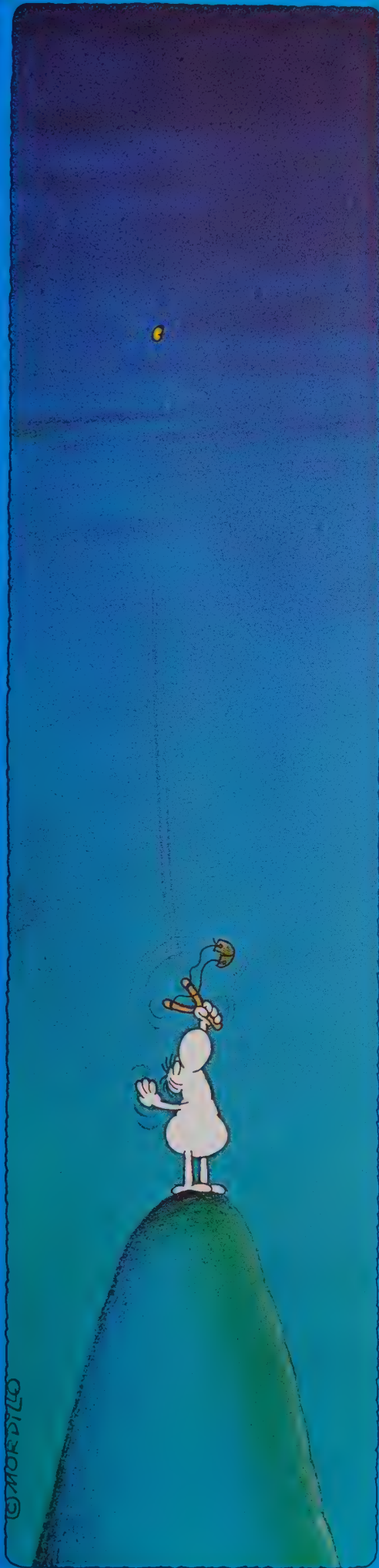


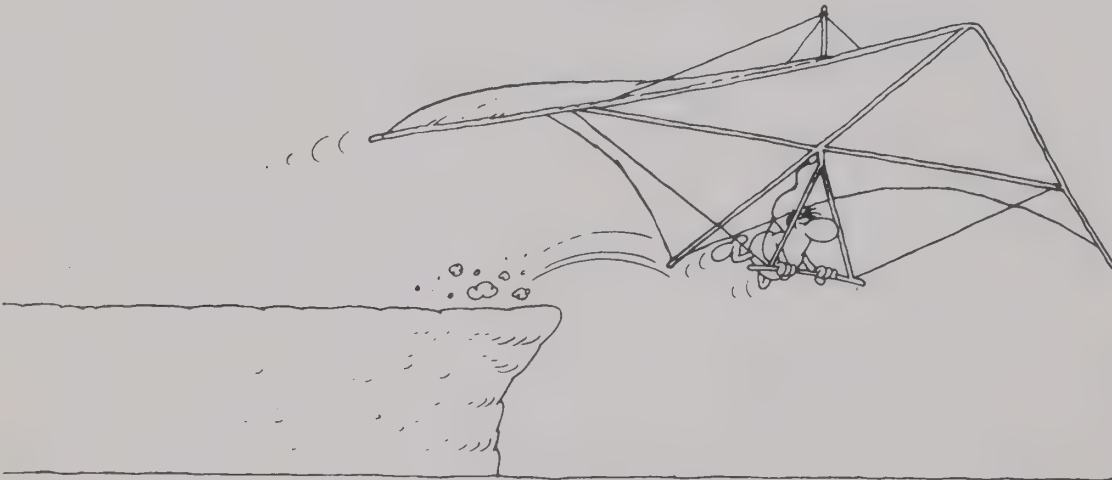
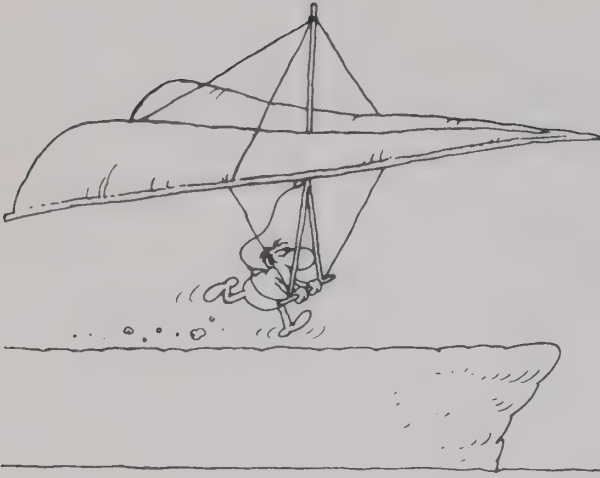




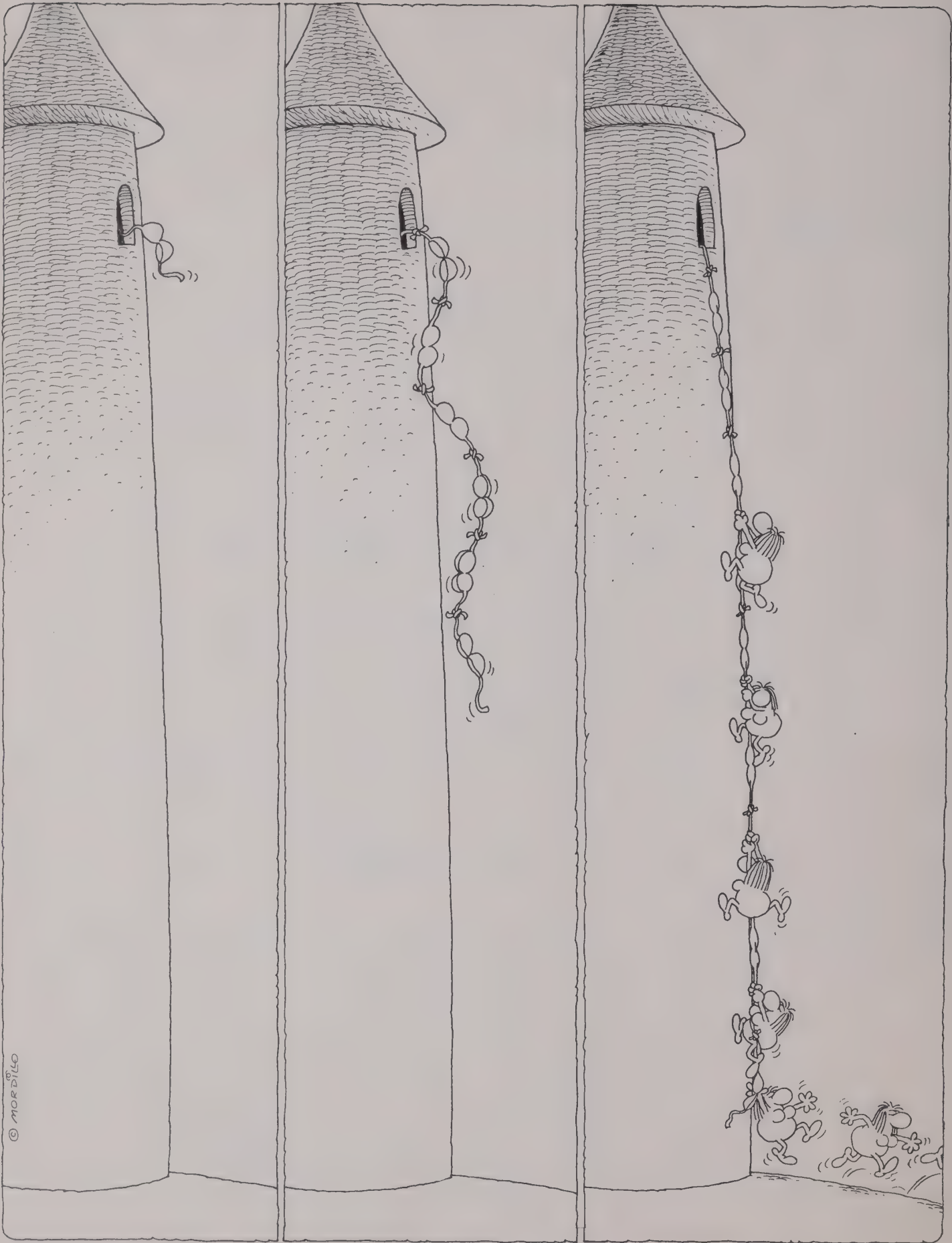


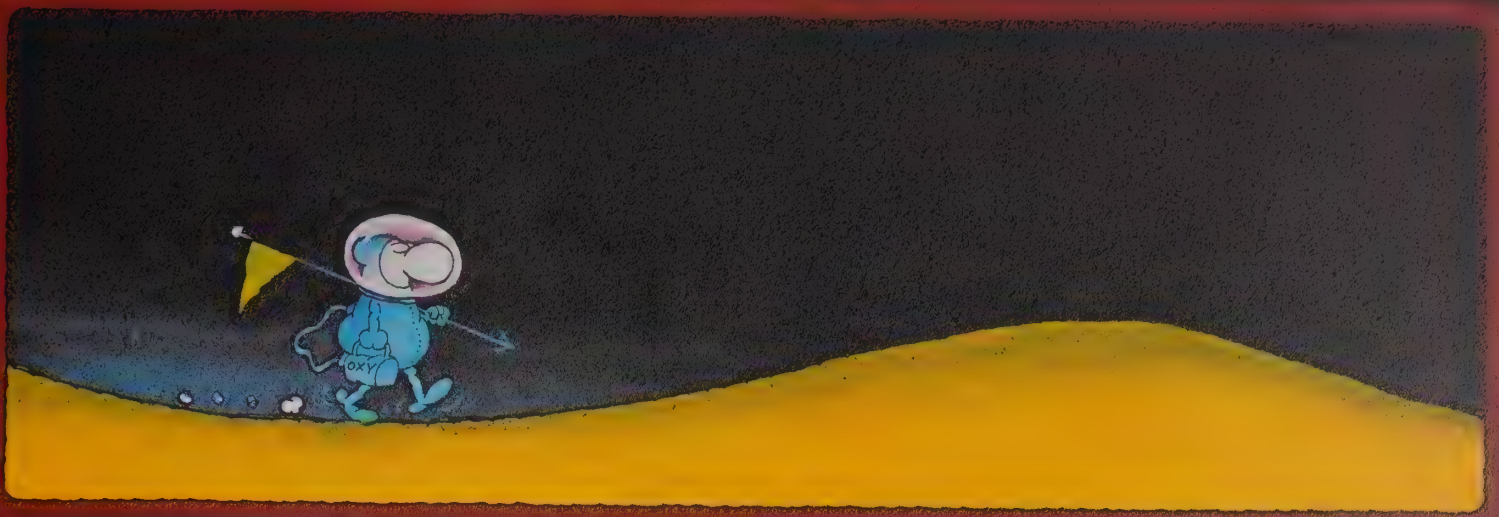


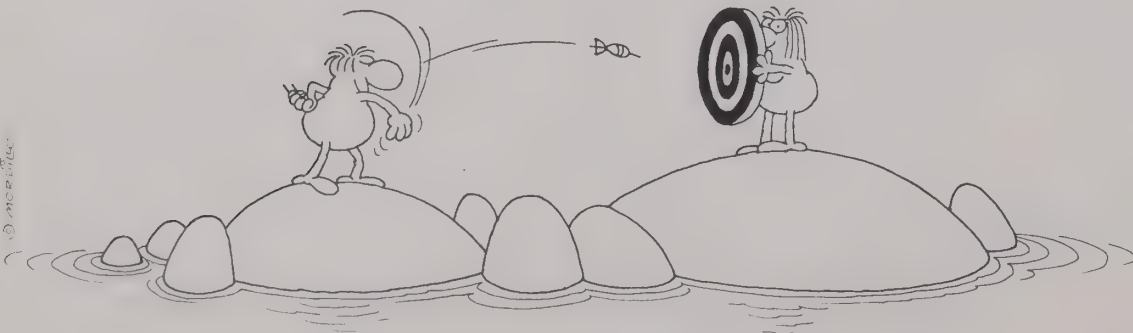
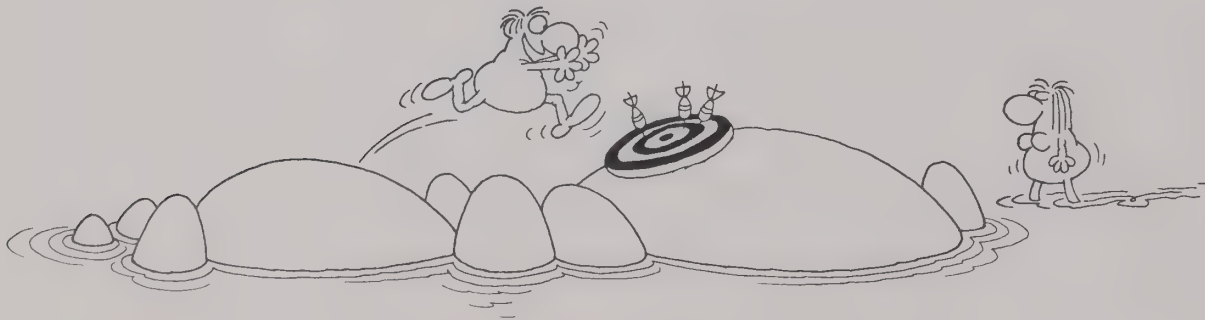
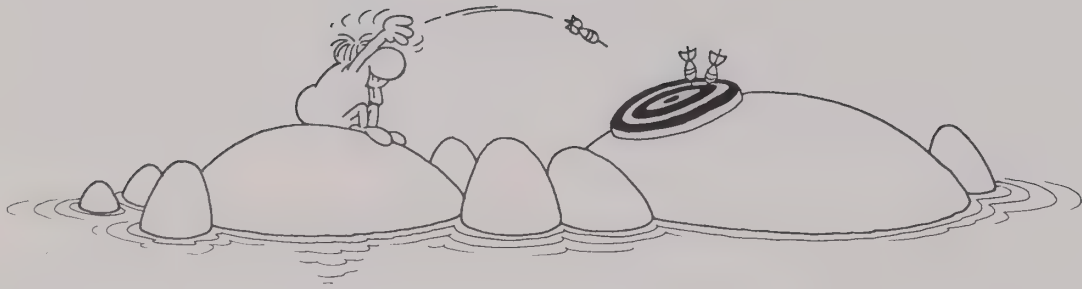


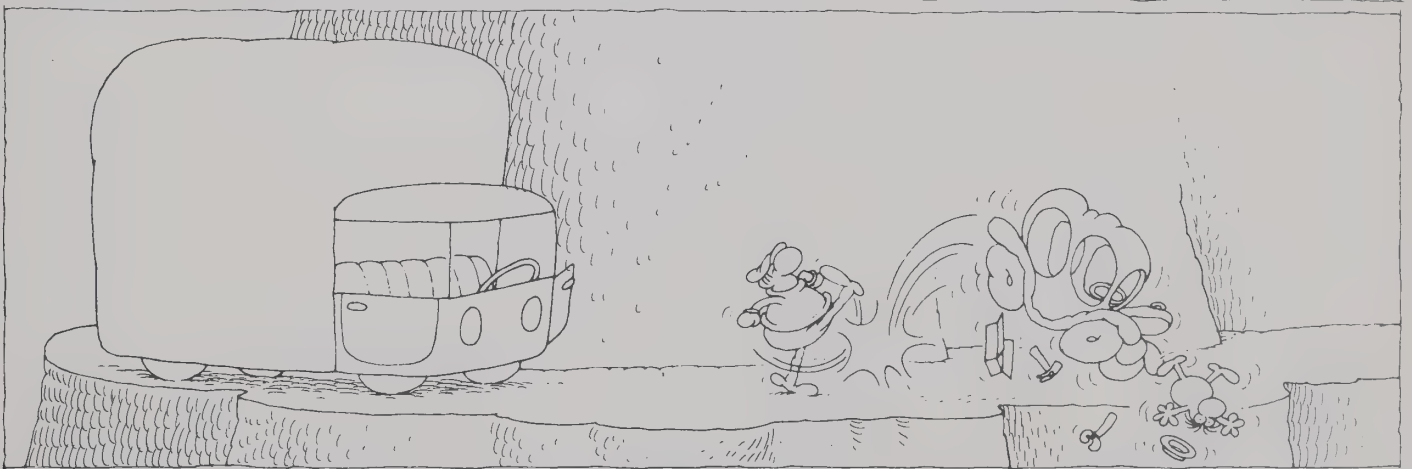
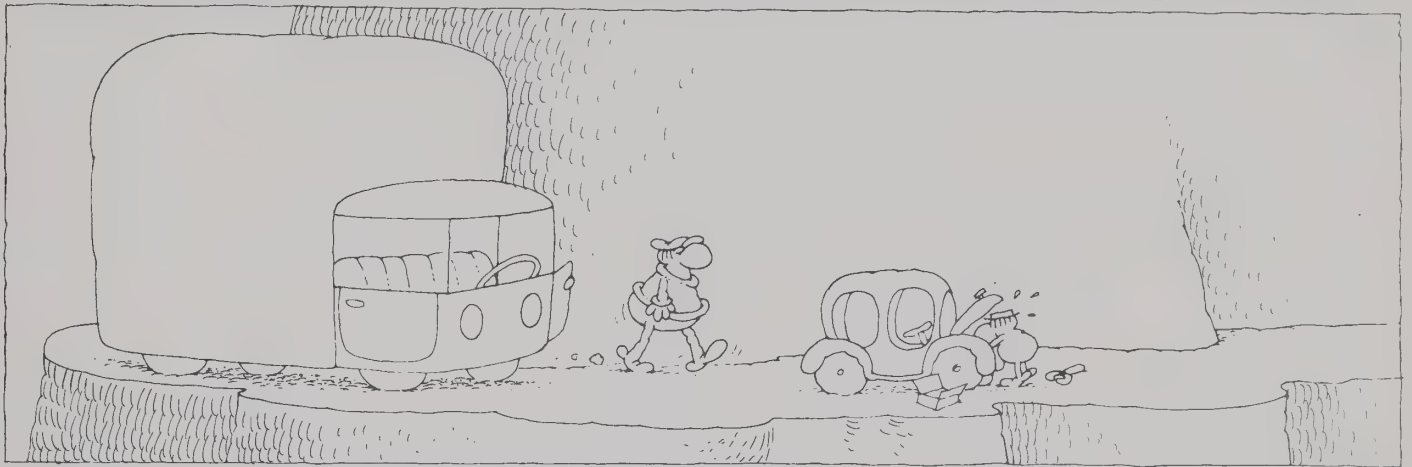
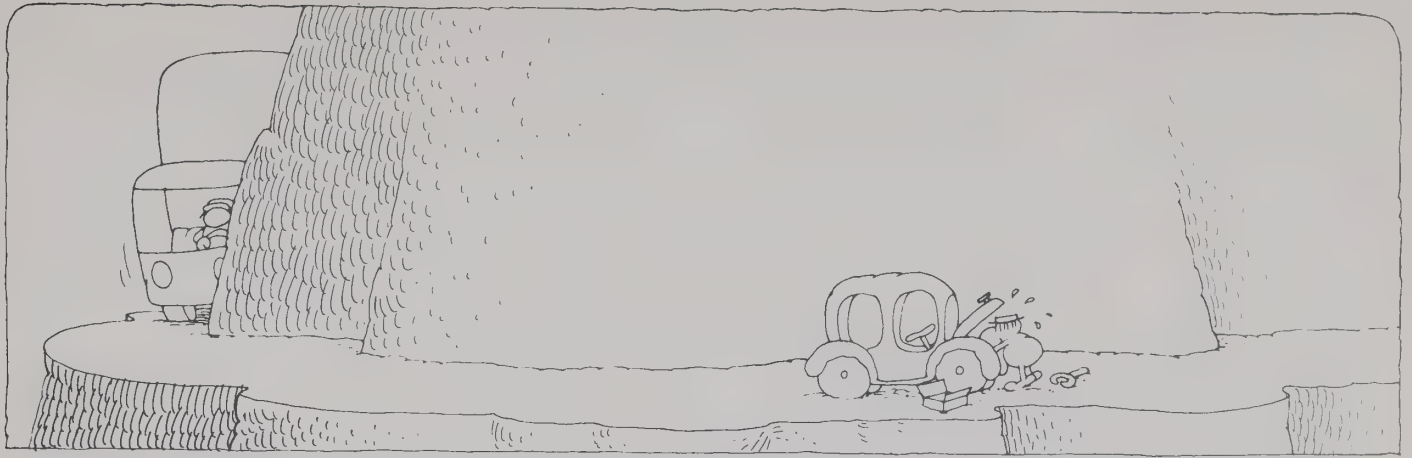




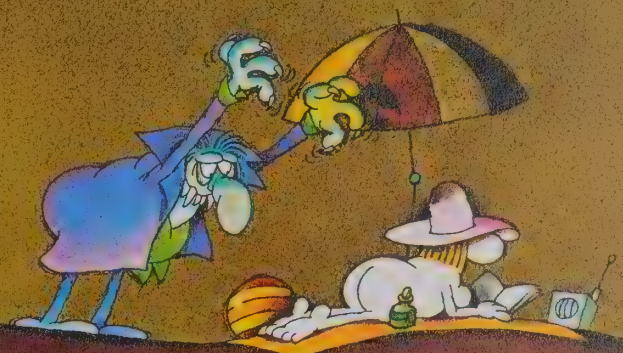
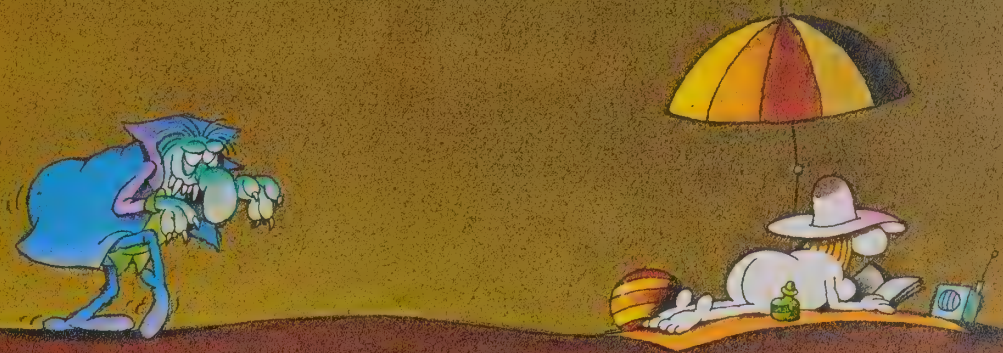




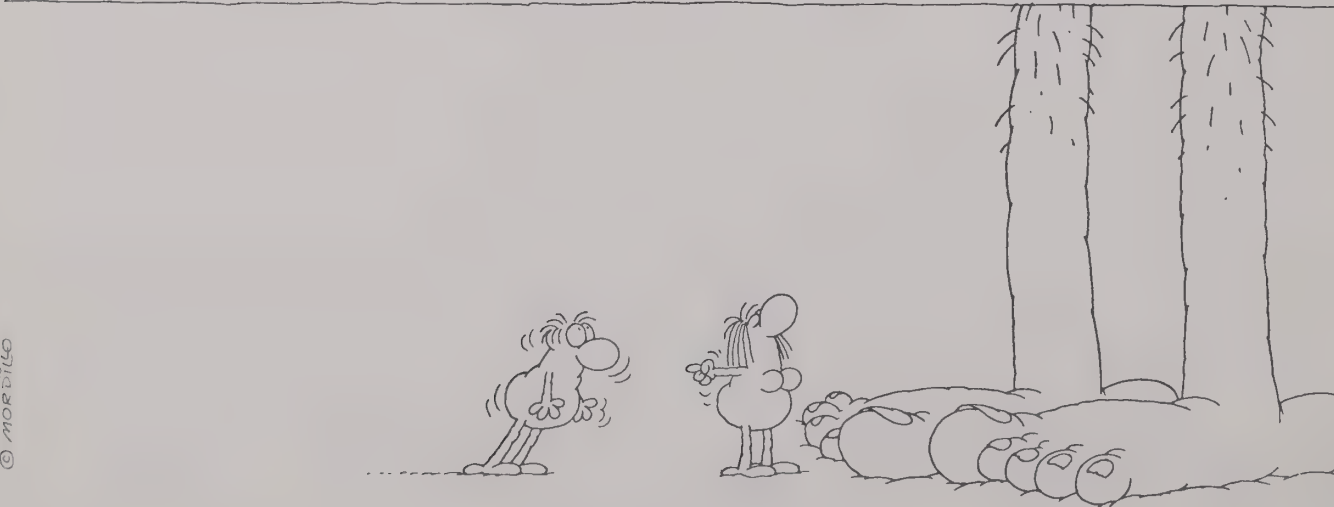








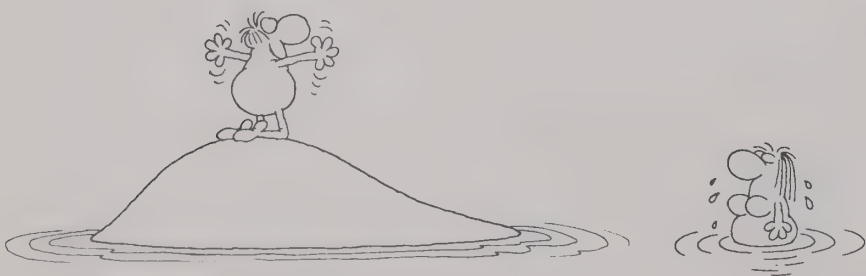
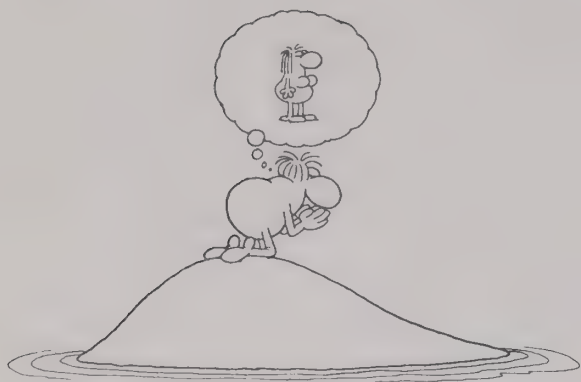
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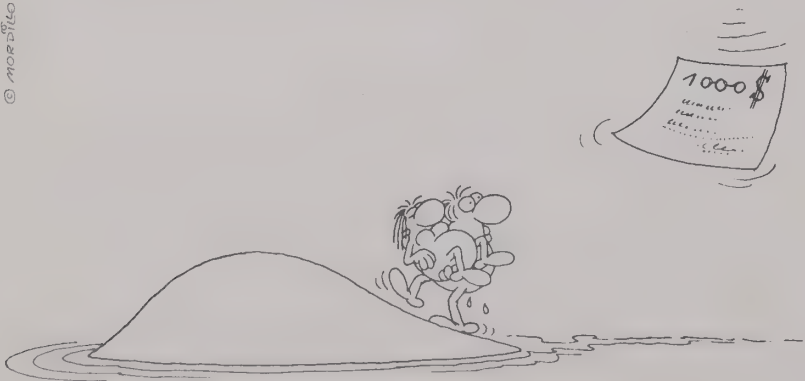


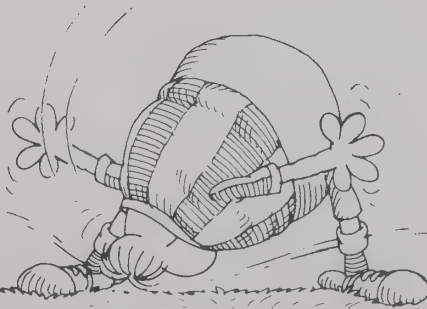
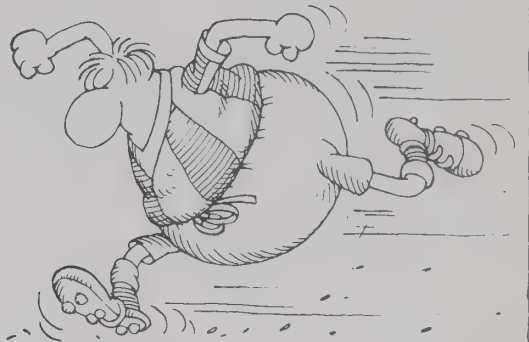






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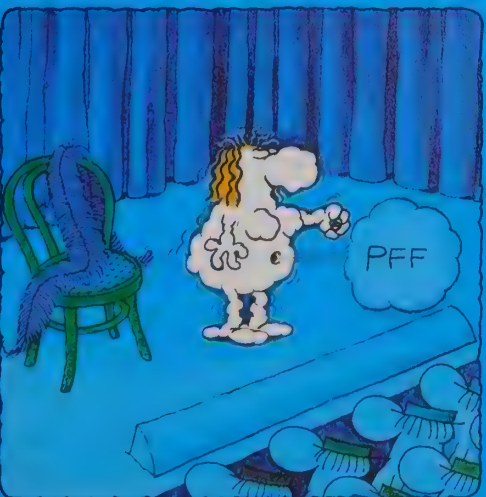
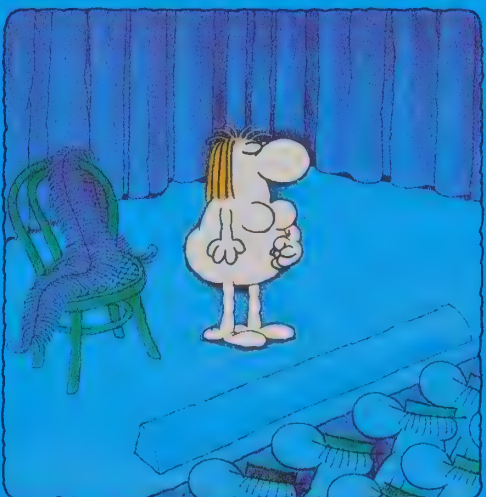




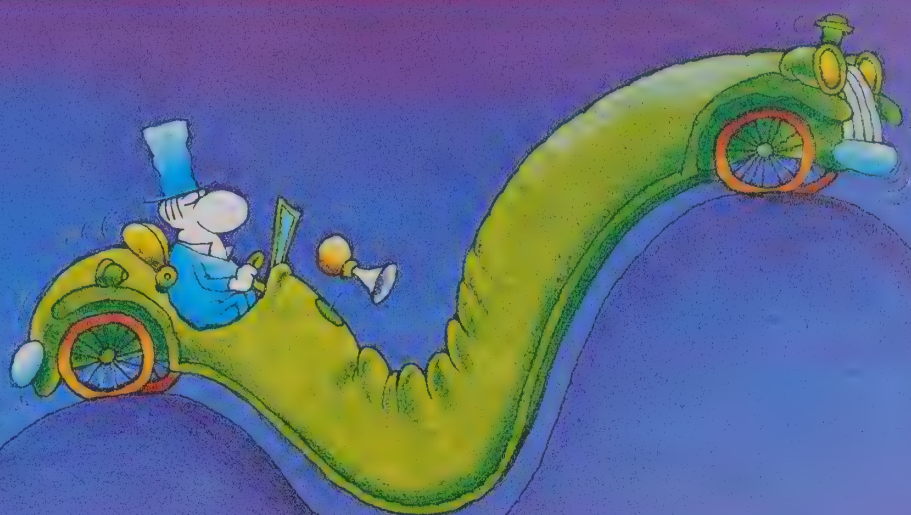
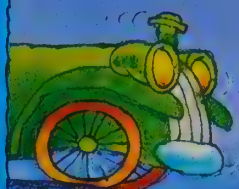


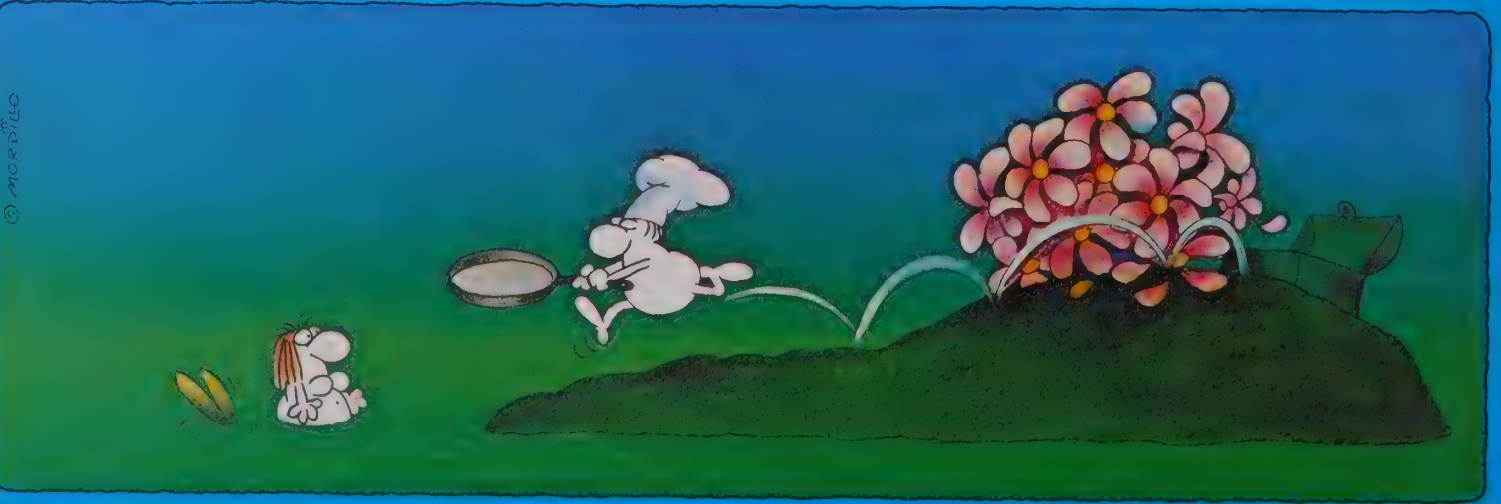


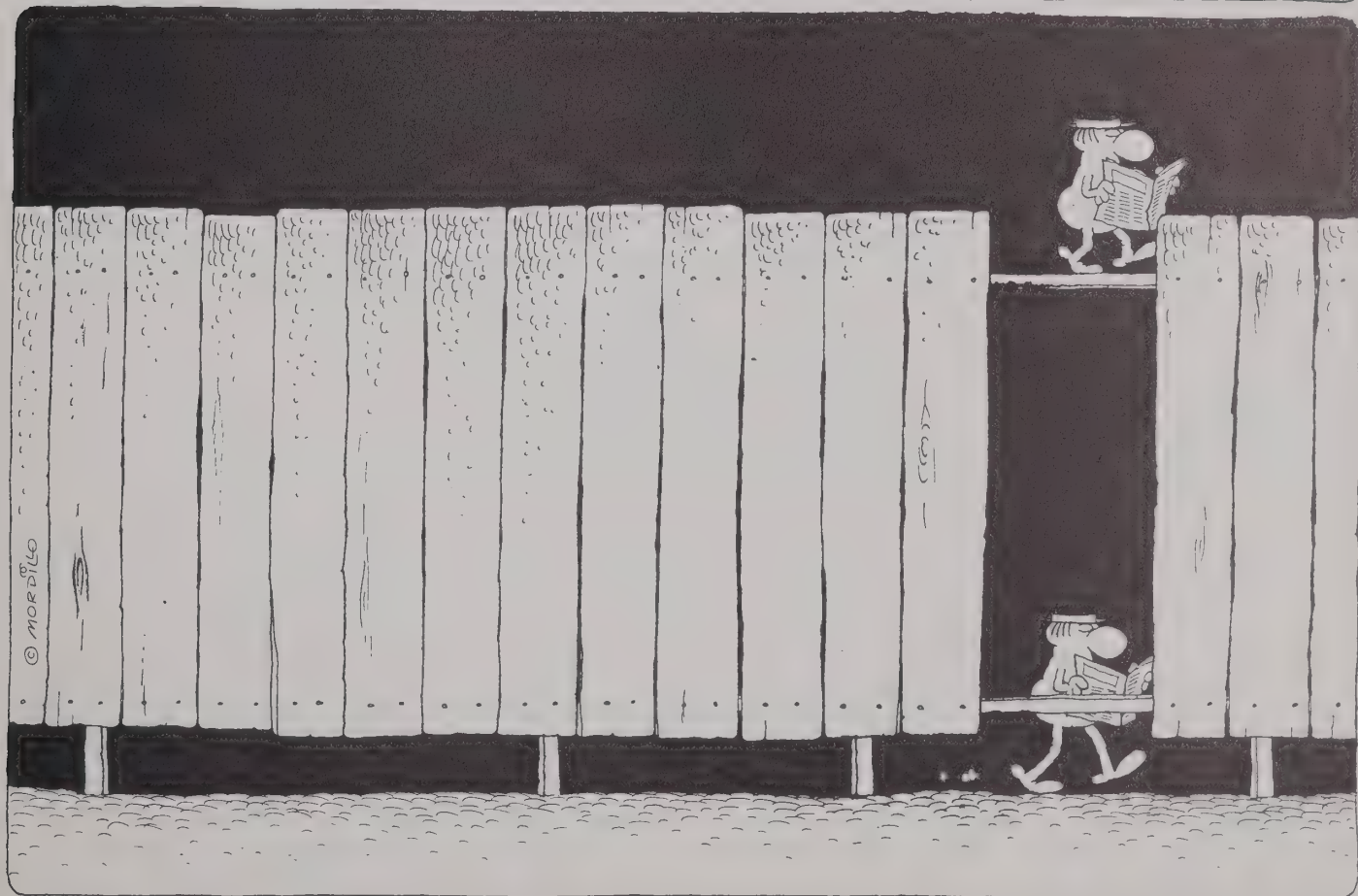
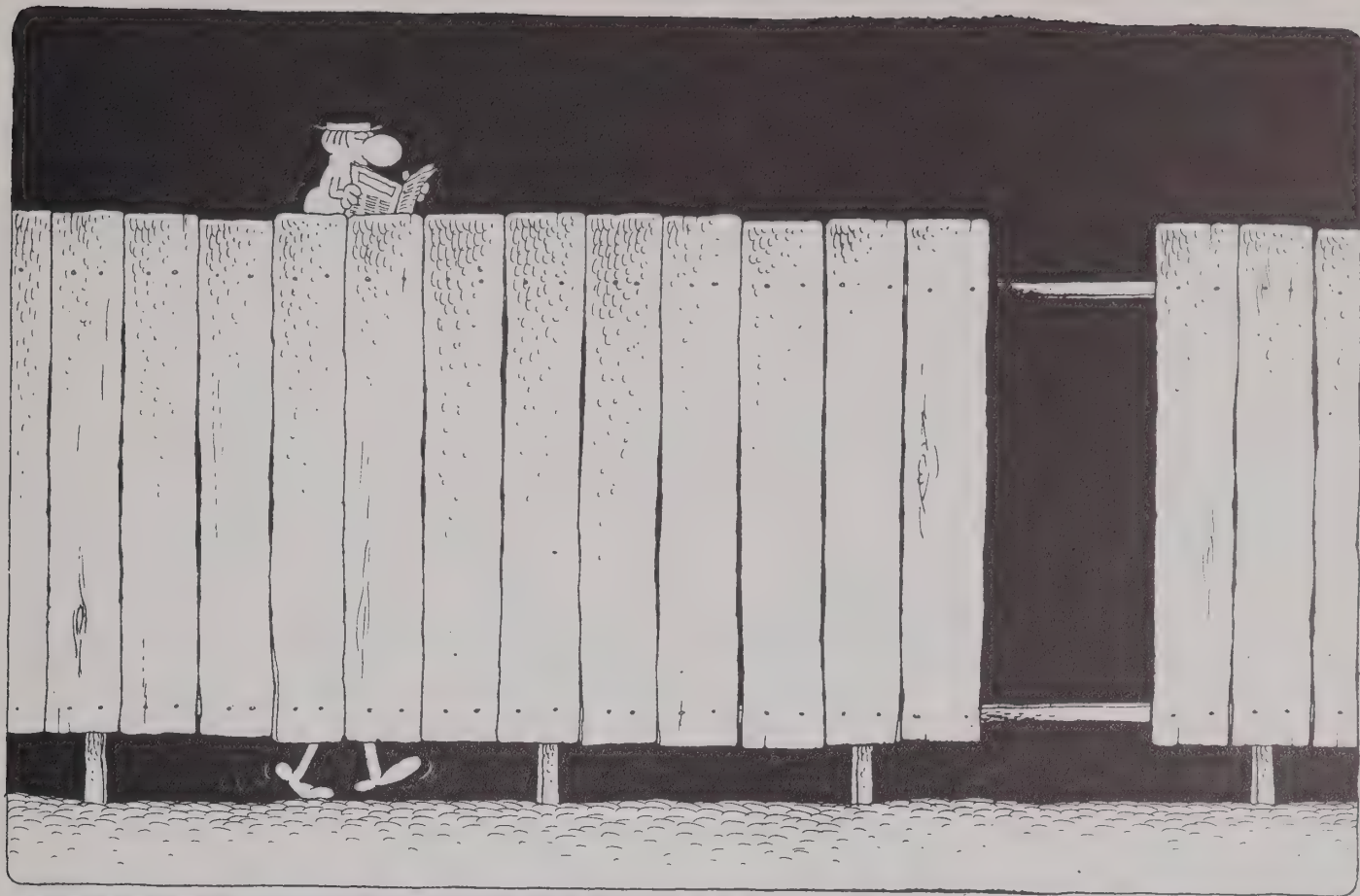


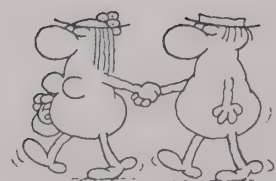


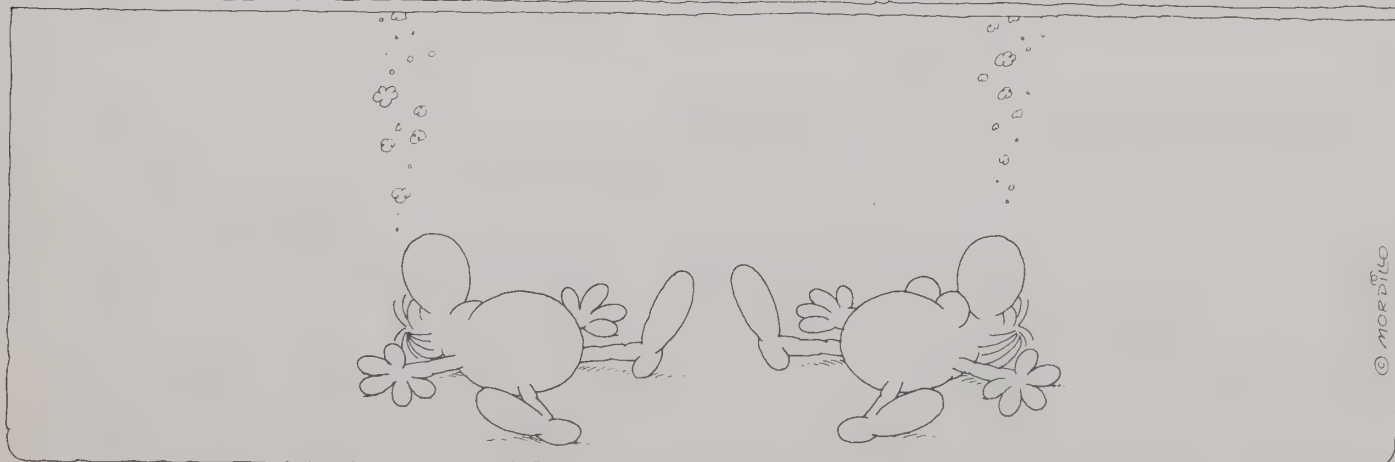
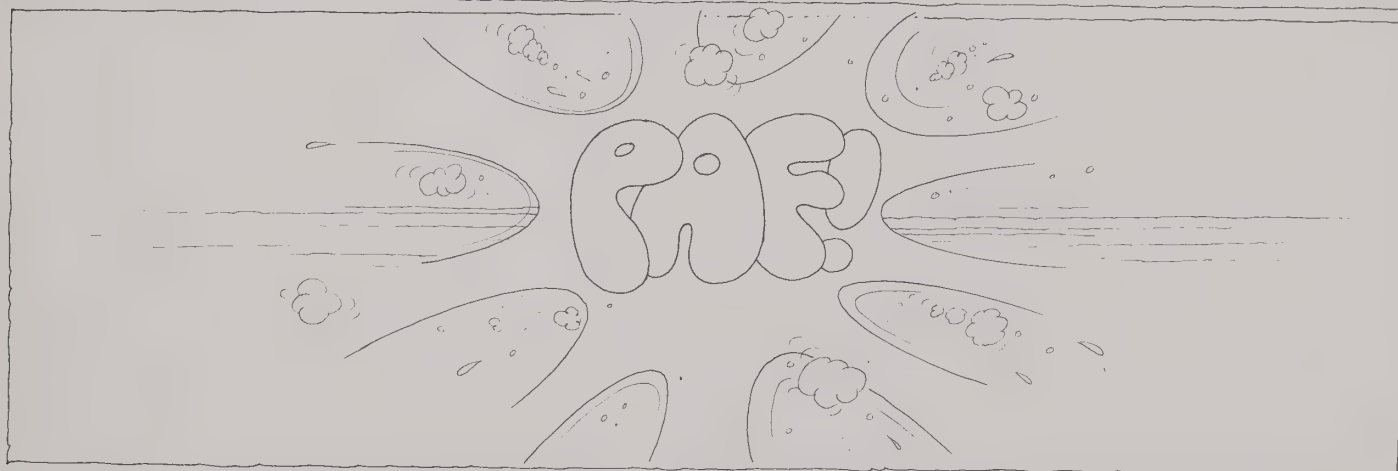
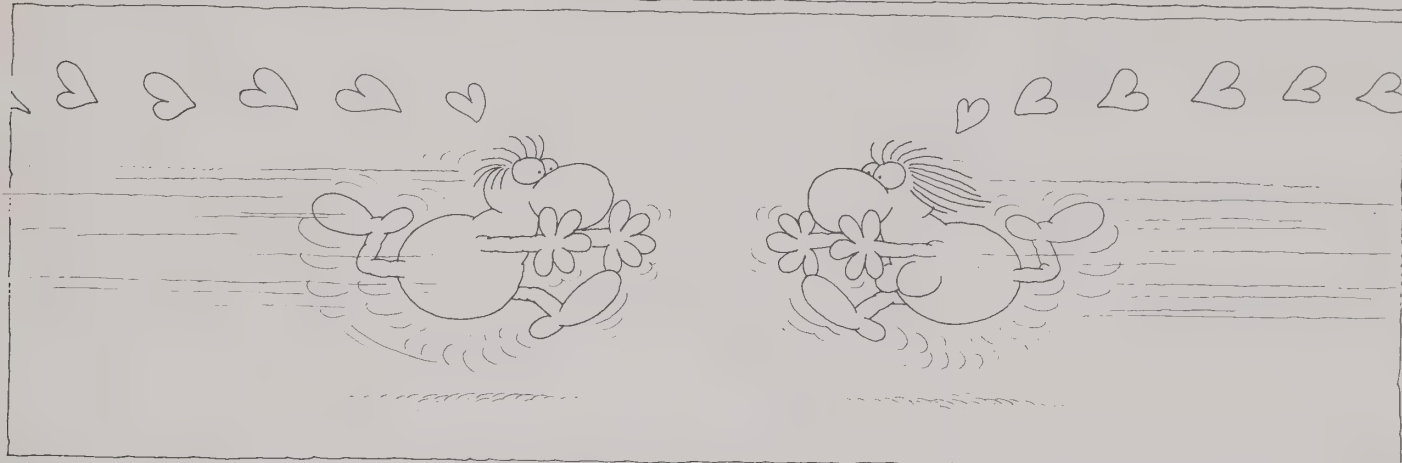
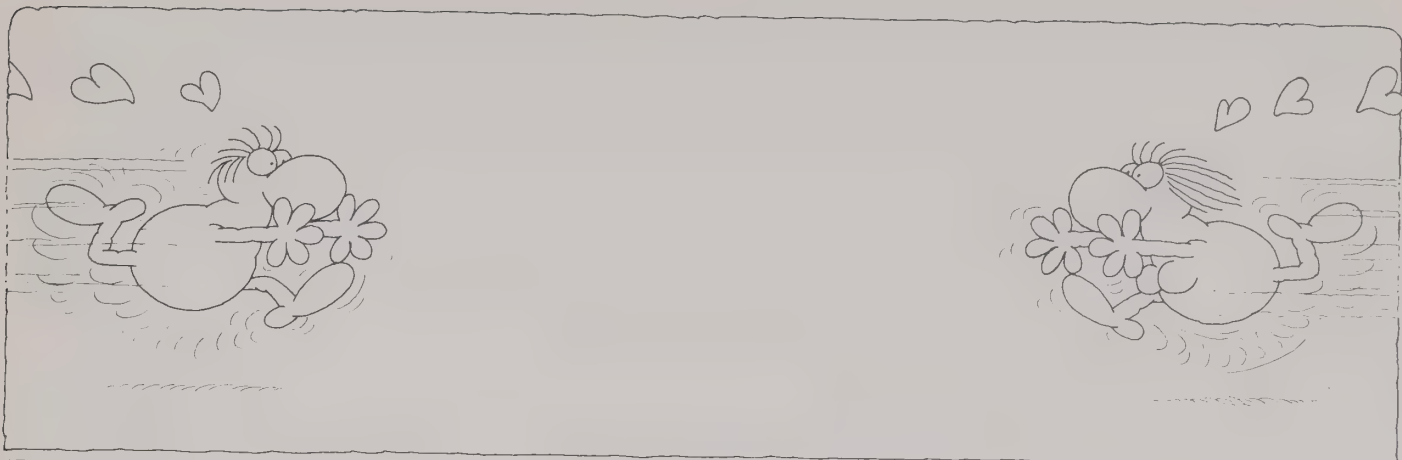


























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